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THE CAMPAIGN OF 1943

MOST of us, as we watched the heroic drama of Stalingrad, have had the miserable sensation that we were idle spectators occupying excessively comfortable stalls, while others struck and bled. The name of this city rings in our ears as a call to action, and the slowness of the United Nations to respond has become well nigh intolerable. It is with this urgent problem of military action and preparation that we propose in this article to deal, but before we attack it, it may be as well to attempt some estimate of the enemy's situation.

Stalingrad has done over again what Sevastopol did before it. It has astonished us and the enemy—and it may be its own defenders—by its stubborn and prolonged stand. It had none of the advantages of the Crimean citadel, girdled by hills, served by the sea and built on a soft rock which Nature might have designed for the cutting of deep shelters. Stalingrad lay open from three points of the compass to land attack, and it is a ribbon of masonry so narrow that the limits of defence in depth as a tactic were soon reached. It was a barricade rather than a fortification, and the enemy has blown it to pieces by battering it with dive-bombers massed in overwhelming numbers. How long the little that is left of it can still hold out we cannot guess, but what it has achieved we can estimate.

Our ears did not detect " the whine of fear " in Hitler's recent speech, but his disappointment was audible enough. While he dwelt on the extent of his conquests and their potential wealth, he had to apologise for the delay due to the length of his communications and the thoroughness of the Russian policy of destruction. There is reason to think that his generals had planned to sweep through Stalingrad in a wide encircling movement designed to take Moscow from the rear. Instead of this, by the Führer's own miscalculation, the southern army was divided and frittered its strength away in three separate enterprises. The lesser oilfield of Maikop has been taken, but Grozny has not been reached, while at Stalingrad the flower of the storm troops has been sacrificed as yet without a final local victory. Certainly the Russians have lost the use of the Volga highway, and they must face the coming year with a deficit in their grain supply. But no strategic decision has been won by the Germans. The Russian armies are still intact: their morale is higher than ever, and it is probable that they have stocks of oil and alternative sources which will enable them to maintain a stubborn defensive struggle throughout 1943, but not for an indefinite time. It is clear that German military opinion and mass opinion also are well aware that this record is one of relative failure. That is why Hitler has again had to sacrifice his generals as scapegoats. He has dismissed both the commander in the field, von Bock, and the Chief of his Staff, von Halder. A plainer verdict of censure on the whole conduct of the campaign, a shriller cry of disappointment it would hardly be possible to imagine. That the errors for which these generals have paid were probably his own is a fact that adds to the eloquence of the gesture.

What must we now expect? From Leningrad to Stalingrad this long front will soon be asleep under the snow. A winter campaign is possible along the Black Sea coast, and the Germans may concentrate here and perhaps along the Caspian shore in an effort to reach Baku. In their recent adoption of producer gas on a great scale there is evidence at last that they are suffering or expecting a shortage of oil. Without professing to guess their plans in detail, there is one thing of which we may feel sure. They will define the objective at which they mean to drive next year: they will work out their plans with foresight and precision, and they will devote the long months of winter to the manufacture of everything which this particular campaign demands. That has been their procedure from the winter of 1939 onwards. They knew exactly what they intended to do, or in other words whom they meant to strike down. They prepared, not to fight the last campaign over again, but to fight the next. In this way they imposed their will on us.

That is the model we have now to follow, if we mean to seize the initiative in 1943. We do not propose to discuss where the blow should fall, for we assume that the two Western Powers, if not the Russians, have agreed on that already. The objective, once fixed, must be pursued with resolution, even at the risk of refusing to reply to some of the enemy's moves—as he has declined to reply to our bombardment of his cities. About the objective we will say only this—that eventually and in the long run only one objective concerns us, an assault on the seat of the enemy's power in Europe. There are many possible openings, and there are some lines of approach which may be justifiable even if they are circuitous. But for an invasion of Europe there is no possible substitute. Nowhere else can we find the sources of the enemy's power, while here are the peoples whom we must first rally and then liberate. Finally, we have to consider the proposed operation not solely as a problem in military mechanics, but also as a political move, which will either raise or depress the spirits of the millions of Europeans whose fate it will decide.

When will it begin? It has begun already, unless our authorities have been hesitating or remiss. It begins when our factories start the mass-production of the particular types of plane, tank and gun for which this particular operation calls. It begins when our troops adapt the tactics they are practising to the beaches, terrain and climate of the coming campaign. On these months of preparation from November to February the fortunes of battle throughout 1943 will depend. Our psychological dispositions are as important as the blue prints of the engineers. Every worker, should be helped to realise that he is toiling for an offensive on which hangs, not our fate alone, but that of Russia and the gallant men who are risking their all by defiance in France and guerilla warfare in the Balkans. How central a place in the hopes and affections of the workers Russia has come to hold we doubt whether the Government realises. Unless it can relate these preparations for the coming offensive to her needs, it will fail to rouse all the zeal and self-sacrifice of which they are capable. On this campaign of ours in 1943, which has begun already in the workshops, will depend the ability of the Soviet Union to survive as an active force among the allies.

Hess and the Russians

In another column we print a letter cabled to us from our correspondent in Moscow which shows very clearly the attitude of the Russians to the Hess case. The article in *Pravda* was the beginning of a journalistic campaign, launched by the Government of the U.S.S.R. It is clear from our correspondent's letter that the campaign will be pressed, and that it is having its effect upon the Russian people. Primarily it reflects Russian bitterness over our military inaction and over the fact that the announcement with regard to the treatment of war criminals was made by the United States and British Governments alone. That the Russian Government should not have been consulted before the announcement was made is inexcusable, and its bitterness is fully justified; but it can itself have no real doubt that a demand for the immediate trial of Hess will not and cannot be granted. It would be quite impossible to hold such a trial before the end of the war, and any attempt to do so would lead to savage reprisals and counter reprisals. The Russian Government must also know that the suggestion that, though Hess failed to induce us to make peace, he did succeed in preventing the opening of a Second Front, is just nonsense. The whole of this nasty incident emphasises all that we said last week with regard to the difficulties and dangers in any attempt to "punish" war criminals.

Travail and Search

General Smuts is an undramatic and rather a bookish speaker, with a clear unresonant voice. His address to Parliament, which he read, owed its effect to a smooth-spun argument. After a low-toned review of the war, relieved by a fine salute by the old warrior to the fighters in the Battle of Britain, his main points were a suggestion that the war might last till 1944, the reference to the time coming here and abroad for "far-reaching developments," an hour when it would be folly to delay, his attack upon Nazi doctrine, made with an intensity which sounded as though it drew from the deeps of experience and his views upon war-aims. These repudiated the ideas of 1918 as "vague, crude and over-ambitious," dwelt upon the United Nations as a new conception more organic if more limited than before, and went on to speak of national and international social and economic reconstruction, in part through the League of Nations, of mutual help, raising of living standards; of justice and fair play beyond the "isms" for the common man, of travail and search to create the economic conditions of world peace. He said his programme was modest; and the Lords and Commons, whose warmest cheers were given to his mention of Russia and his repudiation of the political structure of the League of Nations, were in too hospitable a mood to analyse his thesis. But, in reality, there were a good many holes in it. The failure of the League was not due to too much but to too little ambition, to the failure to organise security and to the failure of nerve of its member governments. A mind which recognises the continuity of this war with the last, and offers as a cure for world anarchy a programme of economic co-operation, or even some alliance suggested by the cryptic utterance about the United Nations, is not facing world issues with realism, and no one knows this better than General Smuts, whose political intelligence is first class. The speech was indeed disappointing in being adapted to the limited minds of Conservative British M.P.s; it seemed made not to ruffle Commander Southby. Where General Smuts was wrong was in pitching his appeal too low; Parliament and the people, the Conservatives, too, were keyed up to expect great leadership from a man who, outside his own country, ranks as a world statesman. "What went ye out for to see? A prophet?" But here was soothing syrup rather than prophecy.

Free Siamese

The youngest and smallest of all free movements is the movement of the Free Siamese. Their aim is to vindicate the disgrace which is attached to their country's name owing to the stupid and craven policy of the few men who formed the Government at Bangkok. They do not pretend to love the British. They say quite frankly in their "Aims" that the United Nations, by opposing Japanese aggression, are the friends of Siam. The Siamese people did not know the Japanese until their agents arrived in large numbers in the latter part of 1941. The Siamese feel themselves entirely apart from both Japanese and Chinese. Their culture and religion have come entirely from India. Modern Siam has been built up chiefly upon assistance from Britain where, until recently, most of their ruling classes were educated. When the Japanese occupied Siam, the Siamese in this country numbered some 100 men, women and children, who were all given the chance of returning to Siam on the diplomatic exchange vessel. Only about 20 availed themselves of this offer and the rest, including seven members of the Legation staff, elected to remain in this country and to fight on the side of the United Nations. Most of those who enlisted were highly qualified and included many students who had come over on State scholarships. In normal times they would be occupying high Government positions in ten years' time. Now 35 have been accepted in the British Army, but the only service open to them was the Pioneer Corps, the military waste-paper basket to which so many aliens of good-will with specialised knowledge have been consigned. They are without any hope of gain save the liberation of their people. They represent over 15 million people in South-east Asia who really are friendly to Britain and America. Is it magnanimous to break their spirit in the Pioneer Corps, when they could be of real service, for the present, in specialised jobs and, later, when the drive against Japan begins, as a pool (augmented by those from other countries) of experts upon which the United Nations forces can draw?

The New Policy in Retail Trade

Mr. Hugh Dalton's statement to Parliament last week about the Board of Trade's plan for dealing with distribution was a mixture of good, bad, and uncertain. The bad side was that the Government has rejected the plan for compensating traders who are forced out of business as a result of the war without putting anything better in its place. For this we are not disposed to put the blame on Mr. Dalton. The Retail Trade Committee's scheme for a compulsory levy was not a good scheme; and clearly a better one will have to cover not only the trades with which the Committee dealt, but also the food trades and a good many other types of small businesses which are equally open to "economic bombing" under war conditions. The problem is therefore not one for the Board of Trade alone, but for the entire Government, and in particular for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The good side of Mr. Dalton's pronouncement was his promise to ensure adequate supplies, within the limits of what is available, to the small traders, and therewith his declared intention to proceed to take over premises on a large scale from the big distributive concerns. We have always argued that the right policy in wartime is to keep small traders going rather than big ones, because this makes for easy shopping near at hand, and also because the labour employed in the big shops is much more suitable for transfer to the essential industries. Small traders include a high proportion of elderly and untransferable workers, whose labour is simply lost if they are driven out of business. On the score of both man-power and accommodation, which are the two things that matter, concentration ought to be aimed mainly at the big shops; and we are glad that the Board of Trade seems, at last, to have taken this point. For those small traders who have managed to keep open, the prospects look brighter than they have done for some time past.

Is Mr. Lyttelton Acting at Last?

Mr. Lyttelton's speech about his next step in the reorganisation of production seems to fit in with what Mr. Dalton said about the closing of big shops. A point has now been reached at which little more can be done to increase the supply of either man-power or accommodation, so that any improvement in efficiency will have to come as a result of better use of what is being used already for one thing or another. Mr. Lyttelton foreshadowed a considerable reshuffle of both labour and factory space, to be brought about mainly by forcing the less essential or more easily movable trades to move out of areas in which there is exceptional pressure on man-power and factory space, and into areas in which the pressure is less severe. He also foreshadowed a drastic policy of shutting up firms which have not good enough plant to make proper use of the labour they employ—the principal method of doing this to be a refusal to allow any further contracts to be allocated to such firms either by the supply departments or, by way of sub-contracts, by main contractors. If this change is accompanied by a real attempt to regroup productive activity more on a regional basis, it should open up quite large prospects of improved output. But it can be taken as certain that any serious attempt to apply this policy will meet with formidable resistance, all from the big firms, which like to make their own arrangements with sub-contractors when they please, and probably also from the supply departments (especially M.A.P.) which like dealing with a few main contractors and leaving them to arrange with the smaller firms for carrying out a large part of their contracts. It was supposed to be one of the principal functions of the Ministry of Production to tackle the problem of regional reorganisation. There has been a long delay, during which nothing has appeared to be happening. But now at last Mr. Lyttelton seems to be making a move. We hope he means business.

Fair Wages—and Conditions

The Fair Wages Clause, which governs the labour conditions to be observed by firms in receipt of Government contracts, has stood unrevised for a very long time—ever since it was adopted by Parliament in 1909 under Labour pressure. The consequence is that it is wholly out of date; and it is all to the good that Mr. Bevin has succeeded in negotiating a new draft with the co-operation of the Trades Union Congress and the British Employers' Confederation. The really significant changes are these. In the first place, the new clause, instead of referring simply to the wages actually paid by "good employers" in the area, and making them the standard of fairness, will refer specifically to the wages established by collective bargaining, wherever appropriate bargaining machinery exists. Secondly, the new clause will cover conditions of employment as well as wages; and thirdly, the contractor will be compelled to recognise the right of his workpeople to belong to a Trade Union. These changes measure the very great change that has taken place in the position of Trade Unionism which has now established its position as a fully recognised bargaining agency. The vast majority of the big employers now adopt a policy of coming to terms with it rather than opposing it altogether. The stage has not, however, been reached at which the State is prepared to compel the contractor to bargain with the Unions, provided he allows his employees to join them and recognises the standard rates and conditions to which they are parties. Much less is it prepared to enforce Trade Union membership in the firm of the "closed shop." What we do not understand is why Mr. Bevin, having reached these terms with the two representative bodies of employers and workers, proposes to delay bringing the new clause into force until some unspecified time in the future. There is a strong case for bringing it into effect at once; for it will, presumably, have to be followed up by a revision of the Fair Wages Clause of every local authority in the country.

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WHY THERE IS NO PLANNING

The publication of the Uthwatt Report has revived again, and in a much more challenging form than any previous official document, the question of post-war planning. The reference of the Uthwatt Committee was confined to what is, on the face of the matter, only one problem among many — that of compensation and betterment in connection with the use of land. But the Committee found it impossible to answer this question without impinging on a great many others—especially on the question of the machinery needed for the planning of post-war development involving the use of land. Seeing the necessity for the State to control land-use in both town and country, and to assert in a practical way the supremacy of public over private interests in this sphere, the Uthwatt Committee could not but consider the machinery needed for making the State's right effective. It therefore proposed the establishment of national planning machinery, to work under the control of a Minister of National Development, to whom it clearly intended that the general supervision of post-war planning arrangements should be entrusted. It is to be presumed that the status of the proposed ministry would be broadly analogous to that of the recently created Ministry of Production. Its main functions would be, not executive, but co-ordinating. It would not supersede the numerous departments which are bound to be concerned with the actual carrying out of any general post-war plan; but it would gather up under its general supervision the work done through the various ministries, and would itself presumably take parliamentary responsibility for such extra-departmental Boards or Commissions as might need to be set up in connection with the different parts of the plan.

This appears to be the structure envisaged by the Uthwatt Committee. But it is already clear, from the rumblings of the Government machine, that the proposals are not likely to have an easy passage. The Government is indeed already committed in principle to the creation of some sort of National Planning Authority; but its promise to establish such a body was made in the vaguest terms and did not in fact rest on any agreement about the nature, functions or powers of the proposed new wheel to the coach of State. Only after the general promise had been given and when the means of implementing it began to be seriously considered did the obstacles in the way make themselves evident. But thereafter they became evident enough; and for a long time past the Government's trump card has been to tell us that nothing could be settled pending the issue of the Uthwatt Report. Now the Report has been out for some weeks, and a great many people are asking what is to happen next.

One thing has happened. The Uthwatt Report has been referred for examination not to Lord Portal, under whose auspices the Committee sat, but to Sir William Jowitt and his Reconstruction Secretariat. This—such is the contradictory state of affairs—is both as it should be and as it should not. Sir William Jowitt is the Minister responsible for reconstruction problems which cut across departmental boundaries, as this obviously does; and so he is surely the right person to deal with it. But, if that is so, why has the Government been to all the trouble of passing an Act of Parliament rechristening the Ministry of Works and Buildings as the Ministry of Works and *Planning*, and transferring to it the town and country planning powers hitherto wielded by the Ministry of Health? Are there, then, two sorts of planning —one departmental and one not—one belonging to Lord Portal and the other to Sir William Jowitt? That does not appear to be the right answer; for we are explicitly told that Sir William Jowitt, in dealing with the Uthwatt Report, is to be assisted by the Planning Section of Lord Portal's department, under Mr. H. G. Strauss.

The head spins at these complexities; but the explanation is really quite simple. It is that there is no explanation, except that the Government does not know its own mind. When the Bill establishing the Ministry of Works and Planning was introduced, it was plainly intended to group under Lord Portal precisely the types of planning powers with which the Uthwatt Report deals. But before the Report came out all sorts of objections had been raised. If one executive department were to wield all these powers, what about others which were at least equally concerned with various aspects of planning, even in a "physical" sense? What about the Ministry of Agriculture, the Board of Trade in relation to industry, the Scottish Office, the Ministry of Health for housing, and who knows how many more? The whole idea of putting planning into a single departmental ministry with building was manifestly absurd all along. But the absurdity was not discussed in time to prevent the passing of an Act which clearly foreshadowed this intention.

So now Sir William Jowitt is to make a fresh start, not as Minister of Planning, but to report whether there should be such a person and, if so, with what powers he ought to be endowed. We do not envy Sir William his task; for it is plain that the departments which have been fighting against giving a departmental Minister power to ride across all their frontiers are likely to fight with at least equal intensity against the proposal to set up a super-Minister empowered, with Cabinet backing, to give them their marching orders. It is already being argued that planning, in any real sense, cannot be a matter for any sort of Ministry, but only for the Cabinet itself, and that the only possible Minister of Planning is the Prime Minister. This contention would have some plausibility in time of peace; but in war-time it amounts to a blank negative. Who can possibly expect either Mr. Churchill or the War Cabinet to find time to plan the face of post-war Britain? Their job is to plan the second front, and we want them to get on with it with the minimum of distractions to turn them aside. But, if the War Cabinet cannot plan for the post-war future, is that a good enough reason for refusing to plan at all? Some day the war must end; and until it is practically over the obstacles to post-war planning by the War Cabinet will remain. But post-war plans are bound to take a long time to prepare, up to the stage at which they are ready to be put into practical effect at short notice. Unless they are made well before the war is over, there is bound to be an unholy muddle when the war industries and the armies are demobilised, and when they find that it has not even been decided what sort of reconstruction they are to set about.

But, say some bright optimists, surely the various departments can get ahead with their several plans, and Sir William Jowitt's Reconstruction Secretariat can fill in the gaps for them, without waiting for the Cabinet or any central authority to settle anything in advance. How can they—to any useful purpose? To plan involves decisions, and plans are worth nothing except as means of giving effect to policies already determined in principle. How can the Ministry of Agriculture plan the future use of land without knowing whether agriculture is to be small or large, protected or unprotected, or, if protected, protected by indiscriminate subsidies, or in accordance with some clearly conceived principle of home development? How can the Ministry of Health plan for post-war housing without knowing whether the State is to be responsible for rehousing the people, or is to leave the task to "private enterprise"? How can the Board of Trade, or for that matter any body at all, set about planning post-war industry until it is given some idea both of the extent to which location is to be controlled and of the commercial policy which is to be followed in exchanges with foreign countries? Finally, how can the town and country planners really plan anything until it is known to what extent the State is prepared to help with the clearance and rebuilding of blitzed areas and, in general terms, whether the existing structure of Local Government is to be retained or scrapped?

All these are issues of the first importance, on which decision can neither be left to the whim of a particular Government department nor postponed until the War Cabinet is in a position to give them proper attention. They have to be decided by the Government, or by some body entitled to speak in its name, and they have to be decided soon. It is no solution to refer them either to the Home Affairs Committee of the War Cabinet (for that is preoccupied with the needs of the home front during the war) or to more conferences of departmental Ministers or officials who lack all authority to speak in the Governments' name. There is no means of getting these questions settled except the setting up of a super-Minister, aided perhaps by a Committee of departmental Ministers, and endowed with sufficient authority to take decisions in the name of the Government as a whole. It is probably a necessary prerequisite that, at some time soon, the Prime Minister and the War Cabinet as a whole shall be induced to listen just long enough to lay down a few broad principles and on this basis mandate the super-Minister and his colleagues; but, that once done, the post-war team should be left to get on with its job with the minimum of reference back to the War Cabinet for further authority.

It is, in all probability, indispensable that the super-Minister who is put in charge of post-war planning shall be himself a member of the War Cabinet, or he will be unable to carry its authority. But he should be a member without other specific duties—he could not, for example, double the part with the leadership of the House of Commons or with any other first-class job. If Sir Stafford Cripps, who seems much the most suitable candidate, were to be the man, someone else would need to take over from him the leadership of the House—a duty which, we feel, sits so uneasily on him now that he might be glad to be relieved of it.

If such a super-Minister were appointed, what assistance would he need? Not a department, in any ordinary sense; for his job would be much more to issue orders to departments than to undertake direct administration. He would need, as far as we can see, a good deputy (perhaps Sir William Jowitt), a strong advisory planning commission of experts, without any executive powers, and the power to set up executive boards or commissions (bother the ambiguity of the word) to carry out certain jobs, which could not be kept within the confines of a single department. To this category would belong the executive Land Board which is needed to give effect to the main provisions of the Uthwatt Report, and to the same category should be assigned such bodies as were proposed in these columns some months ago—Local Executive Commissions for the replanning and rebuilding of particular blitzed areas, or for the erection of totally new towns, based perhaps on some of the great war-time R.O.F.s. Such authorities as these could be suitably placed under the direct authority of the super-Minister, whose task it would be to co-ordinate their work with that of the numerous departments which would be interested in their doings from one angle or another.

What stands in the way of this solution? Fundamentally, not the hostility of the departments, strong though that may be, but the absolute unwillingness of the Government to settle or to authorise anything. The main lines of reconstruction cannot be laid down without taking at any rate some decisions on matters which sharply divide the Cabinet, as well as the parties from which it is drawn. Therefore, every vital issue is burked, and no real preparation for reconstruction is being or can be made. The gigantic structure of committees examining this and that is all make-believe: nothing can come of it except yet more confusion than before. Nor can this disastrous state of affairs be ended until the Government is convinced that to head towards peace without real preparation is to court certain disaster, and is induced by that conviction to make decisions even against its will. That is the problem Sir William Jowitt is up against; and we say again that we do not envy him his task.

PLANS FOR LONDON

London, in the period between the two wars, became a city conspicuous for its inconvenience. Urban landlords multiplied their rent-rolls by haphazard rebuilding in the central districts; speculative builders disfigured the outskirts—including some of the richest agricultural land in this island—with an eczema of jerry-built villas. The blood flowed more and more slowly through the obese and sprawling body: going to and from work one had to stand for hours in suburban trains; in the City and West End traffic-blocks and bottle-necks wasted millions of man-hours every day. Whole areas were littered with squalid and tumbledown hovels, that even when new had hardly been habitable. Most of the new constructions were almost as uncomfortable as unsightly: tall office buildings and blocks of flats faced one another across narrow streets, and their interior partitions were not designed to insulate sound. The suburban houses—exception made for some of the Council schemes—were disposed upon no plan, and immediate deterioration involved their deluded purchasers in continuous expense. So little advantage was taken of applied science that the cost of building was as high in London as in New York, where materials cost more and wages were several times as high. London, in fact, had become a colossal and unanswerable indictment of a system based upon profit-seeking and *laissez faire*.

The destruction caused by enemy action has brought home to the public the necessity of a great building programme for London. Only by observing the principles of town-planning can we evolve an efficacious and agreeable city. With hopeful interest therefore we went to examine the exhibition at Burlington House of the scheme prepared by the Royal Academy Planning Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Edwin Lutyens. Much time and ingenuity have evidently been spent upon this, but the result is almost useless—perhaps, indeed, worse than useless, for controversy over its details may deflect public attention from the real issue. The reason for this failure is simple. The Committee has concerned itself principally with two matters, both of secondary importance—the improvement of traffic facilities and the rearrangement of certain important sites, such as Piccadilly Circus, Covent Garden, and the surroundings of St. Paul's. The Bressey-Lutyens Report, on which the scheme is based, was drawn up before the war with the purpose of relieving traffic congestion in the middle of London. Since then the issue has become altogether more important. How we are to move to, from, and about a city is a matter dependent on how and where we live and we work. The Royal Academy scheme includes, it is true, an aerodrome in Southwark, a park in Hoxton, and a number of main roads piercing these districts. But these are based upon the requirements of through traffic and are not part, as they obviously should be, of a considered design for rebuilding. The Committee has taken no account of modern methods of town-planning. But it is useless to plan for traffic without first planning for the location of industry, housing, and recreation. The Royal Academy Committee seems to assume that pre-war arrangements will persist, neglecting the social revolution that is daily changing the requirements and expectations of their fellow-citizens. Indeed, Sir Edwin and his associates resemble nothing so much as Sleeping Beauties, unaware that the Edwardian period ended over thirty years ago.

It would be easy to subject their dreams to detailed and often destructive analysis. They propose, for instance, to embellish their new Piccadilly Circus by duplicating the domed building which now occupies its north-west corner. We should have presumed that one such masterpiece of ineptitude must suffice for any city. But such criticisms would be a waste of time, for we do not conceive there is any danger of these schemes being realised. What architect, outside the Royal Academy, would conceive of remodelling the focal points of London upon the obsolete principles of the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts? The style of building with which the veteran Knights have already adorned our cities has for years been generally discredited. Who could applaud the edifices here suggested, with ornaments in the style of the new Regent Street tacked on to their facades, and with half their windows giving on to dingy lighting-wells? We do not pretend that the "modern" architecture of steel, concrete and glass has yet developed into an idiom adapted to monumental use; and it is a misfortune that London must be rebuilt in a period when stylistic chaos reflects social confusion. But we can learn incomparably more from the United States, Holland, and Scandinavia than from the Ecole des Beaux Arts; and if we lack the art to make our new buildings beautiful, we have at least the science to make them practical.

The present Parliament has hitherto refused any declaration that in the rebuilding of London private interests will be subordinated to the public good. Even the recommendations of the Uthwatt Report have not yet been accepted, though these are less drastic than they should be. Yet it is useless to prepare any of the necessary plans except upon the assumption that we shall have a Government determined to take adequate powers. The experts upon town-planning (whose presence on the Royal Academy Committee is not conspicuous) can then draw up and offer for public discussion a scheme deciding the location of industry and shopping centres, and the layout of the housing required respectively in the central and suburban areas. For the former, tall buildings with large spaces around them are the most probable suggestion. The various districts will be zoned for particular purposes, with due regard for the self-sufficiency of each; and the functions of the centre will be redefined. Before any such decisions can be reached, proper account must be taken of the wishes of the population. For a building is not "functional" if it fails to satisfy its inhabitants. People with children who are prepared to live at some distance from their work in order to have a room giving on a private garden must not be forced into blocks of flats. Above all, the interdependence of industry and housing must be understood, and the new factories must be neither difficult of access nor mingled with the homes of the workers. The future effects of the decline in the birth-rate must be allowed for, and some assumptions must be made about the future of wealth. The housing must aim at removing the grotesque disparities between the standards of room-space now prevalent in Belgravia and in Bethnal Green.

Such considerations are a commonplace among all town-planners, but the Royal Academy seems to have treated them as outside their terms of reference. While emphasising the need of a generous and comprehensive plan, we do not suggest that the London area should be treated as the site for a new city. Such an approach would be undesirable even if it were practicable. London possesses a historical character as well as many streets, squares and individual buildings that it would be vandalism to destroy. We hope indeed that landlords will be effectively prevented from demolishing fine houses unnecessarily on the pretext that one or two neighbouring buildings have been laid low. Nor, on the other hand, are we blind to the need for changing the appearance of Piccadilly Circus, which a base economic system has moulded in its own disgraceful image. It is even likely that some traffic-plan, entailing a great circular road, such as the Committee suggests, will prove necessary. But it is useless, we repeat, to arrange how people are going to move about a city before arranging where they are going to live and where they are going to work. The inhabitants of the sprawling, scarred area of London are anxious to know how they are to be housed; and they are told by the Royal Academy that there will be a Processional Way to a railway station, and that a new approach to St. Paul's will be flanked by two edifices housing the State Barges.

The London County Council, which is preparing its own plans, is keeping these secret. If this is being done, as we imagine, to defeat the speculators in real estate, the plans are presumably based on the belief that the tyranny of private interests, which has made London the monstrosity it is, will retain its stranglehold. The progress of public opinion encourages us to hope that this belief is ill founded. But the London County Council, we understand, is at any rate using town-planning experts, and we can expect that the resulting schemes will be related to public needs rather than to private fantasies. Doubtless it has been great fun for the Royal Academicians to decide that one traffic-intersection shall be circular and another octagonal; to duplicate Apsley House and the Deanery of St. Paul's; to toy with alternative methods of devising symmetries and opening vistas. But it is to be hoped that these playful daydreams will not distract the attention of anyone outside the Royal Academy from our urgent need of a serious plan.

A CONCOURSE OF NATIONS

So Winston Churchill, in his Edinburgh speech, called the United Nations. We have the habit of assuming that outside the Axis and the remaining neutrals all the nations of the world are on our side, six-sevenths or thereabouts of its whole population. The assumption is comforting; more, it is the rational basis of our belief in victory. Assumptions, however, need to be lifted from the subconscious to the conscious mind and re-examined from time to time. What elements in our concourse form an active and what a passive part of the war? Are we using them to the full or only in part?

The dispersal of power, inevitable in a war waged on the outer lines, shows its effect most clearly in shortage of men. Nowhere is this more apparent than at sea. Mr. Hall, on Saturday, stated that the British Navy is as strong as it was at the war's beginning. And it must be said that Goebbels's week-end jeer at American ship-production rang flat. But the wastage is great, and wastage of men is more serious and irreplaceable than that of shipping. The days are gone when Columbus discovered America with crews from the gaols of Spain or when Nelson sailed with yokels press-ganged out of village public-houses. Navy men now are highly skilled craftsmen, many of whom have to be elaborately trained. Merchant seamen, too, have a high scarcity value; hence the tardy reform in the conditions and pay of Chinese sailors. But it must be realised that, with Japan holding the coast of China, especially Canton and the Southern provinces, an important source of merchant seamen is cut off. We use the Free Forces seamen: Fighting French and Dutch Navy men, the Belgian fishermen and Norwegian and Greek sailors who got away, but their numbers cannot be increased. We can only draw to a limited extent upon our own and Empire resources, and we must look mainly to the United States to man the increased shipping, which will be built by their expansion campaign.

As to land and air forces, the Soviet Union is under extreme strain. The losses on either side may balance on its enormous front, but the advantage of concentrated numbers must always lie with the offensive. Russia again cannot denude the garrison forces of the Far East below safety point, since Japan would certainly attack her, Pact or no Pact, if Tokio felt assured that the Soviet Union was losing. Russia has also lost great numbers of people behind the German lines. They wage the partisan war, in winter especially, but they are forced to work and cultivate for the Germans.

Occupied Europe as a whole may fairly be counted among the United Nations in so far as disarmed and hungry people can fight. Resistance flares up continually in regions like Bohemia and Moravia, where the Gestapo has been in power for years. It increases even: Croatia is waging an open revolt against Pavelitch and his gangsters, Denmark is showing signs of recalcitrance, unoccupied France seethes with strikes against labour conscription for Germany. Two things are important here: first, the German man-power shortage, so acute that the Nazis propose to depend for a fifth of their labour inside Germany upon forced imported man-power. It cannot be conceived that such labour—especially elements like the Poles, both forced and starved—will furnish anything but sullen, slow, and reluctant work. Slave labour is always inefficient. Secondly, the Third Front, the European resistance, is due almost entirely to German oppression. The political warfare of the United Nations, and of Britain in particular, has been far too weak and generalised to steel men to the hopeless heroism of sabotage. If the Nazis had managed their Order with any sort of justice or moderation, instead of cruelty and spoliation, they would have gained substantial numbers among the conquered peoples as at any rate passive collaborators. The political idiocy which so strangely accompanies their genius for organisation has earned them universal hatred. But for the passive resistance of Europe, with its sporadic outbreaks into open hostility, we have the Germans, not ourselves, to thank.

China, with a quarter of the world's population within her borders, should be the greatest source of man-power for the United Nations. When the Chinese began to practise defence in depth, after the fall of Nanking, they reckoned that they could divide their people into three parts: one to fight, one to manufacture, and one to cultivate. From the general point of view it still remains true that Japan should be defeated not by painful struggles over one island after another, but in China. This is what makes the reconquest of Burma a major strategic aim of the United Nations. If we cannot reopen the Burma Road and supply China, our greatest strength in the East will remain half-used; and nobody is clearer upon this point than the Chinese themselves. They can, and do, keep up harassing campaigns, but they cannot fight pitched battles without heavy armaments, planes and lorries, for which they must depend upon the United States and the British Empire.

The United States mobilisation is still suffering from gigantic teething pains. It can perform extraordinary feats, like the Fordising of shipbuilding and the making of the Alaskan highway. But the power to mass-produce armaments is not the same as their production, and the States are going through the troubles of the turnover to a war economy which we knew in 1940. There, as here, the crux of the position is man-power. For the last few weeks the air has been thick with discussion of the numbers of men whom the American generals mean to mobilise, culminating in rumours that they propose to create a host 13½ million strong in America, and only when it is armed beyond imagination, after several years, to transfer it to Europe. Raymond Gram Swing, in his last Saturday's broadcast, disposed of this nightmare. Quoting Mr. Stimson, he reckoned that the American combatant army would be some 3½ million strong, and was intended for use overseas. It remains true, however, that we cannot expect fully effective American reinforcement for some time to come. The other Transatlantic Allies, save Canada, must be regarded mainly as sources of supply of raw materials.

We have left Britain and the Empire last in this survey because it is strictly our business and our responsibility, and because we include so many nations at varying stages of development. So far as Britain is concerned, we are almost completely mobilised. In any region of Britain now, labour can be juggled, rearranged, better used; it cannot be much increased, except perhaps by a stricter pull on childless women. There are, however, small but important exceptions to British mobilisation which cry out for readjustment. One is the use of the friendly aliens. We mention an instance in the note upon Siamese volunteers. The friendly enemy aliens are important out of all proportion to their numbers. It is absurd to keep Germans, Austrians, Siamese doing navvy work in the Pioneers. We should be training them in specialist skills, both for war and for reconstruction services. We are wasting and embittering valuable men.

We do not propose to dwell upon the waste of man-power resultant upon our Indian policy; though in itself, on the coldest calculation, that waste should be sufficient reason for enlisting Indian support. As it is, not only is the increase in the Indian Army far less than it should be, and it is significantly the Indian States which have made great voluntary gifts to the war, but the army in India is to some degree immobilised by the danger of rebellion. India can only be partially reckoned one of the United Nations. There are other badly split parts of the Empire. South Africa has provided forces for the Ethiopian, Libyan and Madagascar campaign; but the pro-Nazi elements in South Africa are large and active; their German sympathies are firmly based on common policy on the treatment of native peoples. The dispute reached its height when Japanese invasion threatened and General Smuts proposed training African troops. It became obvious that many South Africans would prefer Japanese conquest to granting native Africans the degree of equality involved in training them as soldiers. The South African colour-bar feeling received a shock in the Ethiopian campaigns, where African regiments from West and East Africa fought on an absolute equality with South Africans in the East, and Sudanese and Indians led the van in the North. There, indeed, Britain seemed for a time to have realised the potentiality of her colonial support; the recruiting for the African regiments was said to be heavy, though no figures have been published, and the contributions in money and kind from all over Africa were astonishing and touching. But it seems that the solidarity of feeling roused by a war to free a coloured Empire was regarded by our rulers as incidental; they have done and said almost nothing to maintain it, preferring to lessen faith in our native policy by imposing forced labour in Africa for black men but not for white. Until we pledge ourselves to a detailed convincing programme of native emancipation we will not command total African support. Africans, as indeed the Arabs of North Africa and the Middle East, and as it perplexingly happens the Jews there also, must feel that this is their war, not merely our war. There are other places where this applies. What about Burma? The Burmese may be sorry now, as some of them told General Wavell on his visit to the frontier; but when they asked for equality we refused it, and the Japanese offered it.

The conclusion is that the Empire, with dead spots like Eire and vast populations like those of India scarcely moved, is probably not so solidly part of the Allies as it was in the last war. And this is strange, because we have a far clearer case, and the British people are far more aware of it than last time. As it is, the cause of freedom and racial equality, which was worked out by private bodies here in the first year of the war, has been adopted and is being proclaimed by the American politicians. The letters of Chiang Kai-shek to Churchill and Roosevelt on the abrogation of extra-territoriality were published without comment; but what a contrast between a formal note and a warm and friendly letter! What we need most, in a purely military sense, is a creative impulse to inspire our heterogeneous concourse of nations.

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THE RESTORATION OF CAPITALISM—II.

THE "Time-Life-Fortune proposals"* for a world settlement under an Anglo-American hegemony demand the full restoration of the capitalist system of production and social relations. As the report puts it, Anglo-American power must be "strong enough and wise enough to give confidence in the future on the part of investors and entrepreneurs."

The probable effects upon Anglo-American relations of the treaty by means of which the report proposes to effect this purpose have already been examined. It is only necessary to repeat here that it is precisely because the future of the world hangs almost as much on Anglo-American political and economic co-operation after the war as upon Anglo-American military co-operation to-day, that we must not hesitate to analyse the effects of these and similar proposals. In this article, however, the attempt is made to set out the consequences of applying the type of policy envisaged by the report, whether that policy is initiated in America or in this country. For "to be strong enough and wise enough to give confidence to investors and entrepreneurs" is precisely the function of governments in all unmodified capitalist societies.

It has become impossible to restore or to maintain as a world system, workable over the decades, those social relations which can alone give confidence to investors and entrepreneurs. For the "contradictions" which have long been observed in societies of the capitalist type have now become highly developed. Some of the indispensable pre-conditions for the successful functioning of capitalism, that is to say, cannot exist at the same time and place as other of its indispensable pre-conditions. If you establish some of the main conditions which will "give confidence to the investors and entrepreneurs," you will inevitably destroy others, equally necessary to the system. That is what we mean by saying that the system has developed "contradictions."

The most obvious example of these "contradictions" is afforded by what is sometimes called the "purchasing power dilemma." Put very briefly and crudely, this is the dilemma which develops in every highly industrialised capitalism which does not possess rapidly expanding export markets; the dilemma that wages must be either too low to allow the mass of the population to constitute an adequate market for the ultimate products of industry, or too high to allow of a rate of profit sufficient to induce the entrepreneurs to "entrepren." (There are other contradictions of the system, some more profound, others derivative from the above.)

The existence of this dilemma underlines the perspicacity of Mr. Buell in picking out the satisfaction of the demands of investors and entrepreneurs as the inescapable function of governments which wish to maintain, or still more to restore, capitalism. This is not merely because the investors and entrepreneurs are likely to control such a government, or because investors and entrepreneurs are unnaturally demanding people. It is inherent in the very nature of the system. It has been of the essence of capitalism that the *initiative* for economic activity should be in the hands of private individuals or groups who will, and indeed can, only undertake such activity when they expect a profit, and not a loss, to result. In such a system, the sole way in which a government can get economic activity going is to create conditions in which investors and entrepreneurs will have a greater expectation of profit. Nor is there any doubt as to what these conditions will be. A whole list of them springs to the mind. Wages must not be too high nor Trade Unions too strong, nor hours of work too short. There must be expanding markets, either at home or abroad, or both. Taxation must not be sufficiently high to discourage enterprise. Social services in general, and unemployment benefit in particular, must not be so high as to enable the worker to be "independent" or unalarmed at the prospect of the sack. There must be no likelihood of government interference with business, either by way of control or by extensions of public ownership. In particular, the government must not "go into competition with its own citizens" (as the Americans say) by undertaking productive enterprises itself, or by placing considerable orders (except for armaments, which by long custom are excepted from this rule) for consumers' or producers' goods.

**The United States in a New World, I. Relations with Britain.* Reprinted from Fortune Magazine, 1942.

As we noted, the proposed treaty between the U.S.A. and the U.K. making them into one unified market would have the effect of enforcing this type of policy upon any British government, if it were being pursued in the United States. But the issue is much deeper than this. The Americans did not invent the laws under which capitalist societies inevitably function. It would be foolish to blame them (though it would inevitably be done, and this would be one of the worst consequences of the treaty) for the fact that, *so long as we insist on continuing to base our economic life on an unmodified capitalism*, we cannot with impunity break the essential laws of that system. Bitter experience between the wars should at least have taught us that, *so long as we depend upon private initiative to keep the wheels of production turning*, some such programme of making the world safe for investors and entrepreneurs is inevitable. For considerable deviations from it are automatically punished by a drying up of private initiative.

In fact the position of communities which adhere to unmodified capitalism is worse than this. Even if the whole of this programme is rigidly adhered to, the investors and entrepreneurs will still not be able to keep the wheels of production turning or to provide full employment and wages for the population. Economic stagnation—and there is no more horrible condition for human society—no, not war itself—has become the normal mode of existence for capitalist communities. For, I repeat, however much the government sets its face against the slightest move towards social progress, the inherent contradictions of an economy depending upon the private entrepreneurs, activated by the expectation of profit, are now so developed that, except temporarily and exceptionally, the whole of the resources of production can never, under such a system, be kept employed. This is why every man and woman who loves this country must regard with, it is not too much to say, horror any proposals for the restoration of an unmodified capitalism. And the "Time-Life-Fortune proposals," I repeat, would remove the possibility of modifying capitalism from the hands of the British people. They would condemn us to a new and still worse period of frustration, impotence, stagnation and decay. And in so doing they would fatally poison Anglo-American relations. Out of such a morass nothing but a third outbreak of world-wide war could develop.

There is, then, an essential freedom which we must cling to for our very lives' sakes. It is the freedom to decide for ourselves that our own government may, if we so wish it, initiate economic activity itself. We must cling to the right to decide that our government may, if we so wish it, (a) employ us directly in government-owned enterprises; or (b) initiate building and construction programmes, conducted by labour directly employed by the central government or by the local authorities; or (c) initiate production at one remove, by "spending" or "investing" sums up to any amount adequate to the purpose (i.e. to achieve and maintain full employment), by means of orders placed with privately owned firms, the actual work being done by the firms. (This is the way, for instance, that most armaments are being produced to-day or that most municipal housing schemes were carried through yesterday.) And finally, our government must be free to supply us, in one way or another (old age pensions, children's allowances, etc., etc.) with purchasing power, in adequate quantities to sustain the market for consumers' goods and services.

Each and all of these things will fail to "give confidence in the future on the part of investors and entrepreneurs." Therefore it will be quite impossible for any British government to do them, unless it has full powers, which it does not hesitate to exercise, to control the *export* of money and the *import* of goods into this country.

I do not know whether these are four freedoms or one freedom. But I do know that they are the freedoms that matter most: for it is only upon the basis of these powers that all the other freedoms can be built. If these basic powers are preserved, and if they are used unhesitatingly by future British governments, then, but only then, we shall remain masters of our own destinies.

It is impossible to foresee the economic forms, transitional or relatively final, which will emerge. Nor can we do more than guess at the place which a Britain which had preserved its freedom, both in battle and in the council chamber, would make for itself in the community of nations. But, as noticed above, there is nothing in such a standpoint to prevent "federal unions" or downright amalgamations between States which are capable of pursuing, and which intend to pursue, the same type of economic policy. It is certain, however, that genuine independence (so long as no union or amalgamation of the two States is carried through) is the sole basis for cordial Anglo-American relations. To one who, like myself, cares passionately for the cause of Anglo-American amity, one of the most serious features of the Time-Life-Fortune proposals is that, by putting Britain into a position of dependence on the United States, they must inevitably produce bitter antagonism between the two countries.

What this paper is designed to show is that the real watershed between an attempt to restore capitalism and an attempt to build up a consciously controlled, self-determining economy, lies precisely in the issue raised by the Time-Life-Fortune Report. Shall future British (or American) governments be bound by treaty to do nothing to restore or maintain full employment, except the well-known series of indirect measures designed to increase the expectation of profit in the minds of investors and entrepreneurs and so to induce them to initiate economic activity? That way leads to servitude, both national and social. Or shall the governments of both nations be free to take direct, positive measures to initiate economic activity, as they do in wartime, either by organising that activity themselves, or by placing orders for it with privately owned productive enterprises? That way leads forward, albeit through transitional forms, through trials, through errors, and through struggles, the nature of which we cannot pretend to foresee, to the freedom attainable, and attainable alone, by a community which has learnt how to direct consciously its own economic life.

J. S.

A LONDON DIARY

I SHARE the wide satisfaction at the presence of General Smuts in London. Like most politicians who have reached great eminence, he is, I think, a complex and mysterious figure. But he has, in an exceptional degree, the kind of long-range wisdom which is the quality our Government above all lacks. Perhaps he can make the members of the War Cabinet look down those vistas without a sight of which their judgment upon their main problems is almost bound to be narrow and unimaginative. In 1917, at any rate, Mr. Churchill knew his quality; for no one was more ardent in insisting that his services were essential to the War Cabinet. And the plan for him to address a meeting of both Houses of Parliament is, I am told, Mr. Churchill's own idea. It may well be an historic occasion if General Smuts goes back to the theme of his "Humanity on the March" speech of a generation ago and make Members understand the revolutionary character of the times in which they live.

* * *

A friend who really does know gave me the other day an illuminating explanation of the Prime Minister's almost angry refusal to contemplate the implications of post-war problems. Mr. Churchill thinks his political career will end with the armistice. What happens then is, for him, the affair of the new generation. His mind, therefore, dwells wholly within the framework of the day-to-day struggle, and he is impatient of efforts to win his attention for matters beyond it. His colleagues, in fact, have given up trying to do so unless the political need is urgent, for the simple reason that he does not effectively hear what they have to say. Memoranda are written, but they have little reality for him. He will give every ounce of energy to the defeat of Hitlerism. When that is accomplished, he feels that he will belong to history. I take leave to doubt whether *après moi le déluge* is the best of mottoes for a Prime Minister.

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The National Peace Council has done a very useful service in printing in three convenient pamphlets the official declarations on Peace Aims of the United Nations, and a good selection from British and American speeches on this theme. In reading the speeches two things are, I think, outstanding. The first is that though President Roosevelt leads the American team Mr. Churchill does not figure in the British; the second is the far greater degree of concreteness in the American speeches than in the British. Our statesmen utter resounding commonplaces about a new world and the need to end unemployment, malnutrition, and the waste of health and ability. Mr. Bevin is the only British leader who speaks of the need for "laying a new foundation for society now." His speech to the London Rotary Club of November 20th, 1940, gets nearer to the heart of the matter than any of his colleagues. Mr. Eden's exposition of "freedom from want" is little more than a collection of pious platitudes with an emphasis on the difficulties of the problem.

* * *

The angry buzz over Mr. Henry Luce's outspoken editorial is a useful reminder of two things. First, it shows how superficial, as yet, are the foundations of Anglo-American understanding. We ought to make up our minds that this will not be a plant of rapid growth; above all, more of us ought to try to realise that the United States are predominantly a foreign nation, many of whose most vital habits and traditions are built upon utterly different assumptions from ours, and that our common language merely and mainly intensifies our mutual surprise at one another's ways. The other thing is the need to realise that now that the Press has become so much a branch of big business, the problems of its freedom are not the same as they were in the very different society for which Milton and Bentham wrote. The great newspaper magnate in a capitalist democracy develops a power-complex which is not easily compatible with the habits a democracy requires. And in an age where the size of the audience he must reach makes a statesman dependent, as never before, on the publicity he can attain, the attention governments lavish on the newspaper proprietor make him attach to his views a significance out of all proportion to their real value. He has become almost as vital an element in the politician's world as the film-star in the world of the shop-girl and the suburban housewife. If he was usually a man like C. P. Scott it would not matter so much. But real issues do arise when, for example, Hungarians mistake the voice of the late Lord Rothermere for the voice of England.

* * *

I discussed with my schoolmaster friend this week-end Canon Cockin's argument that the purpose of religious education is "quite simply" to teach the "Christian idea of the nature of God as Creator and Father." He thought it a far more difficult matter than, apparently, Canon Cockin does; and he did not think that its "relevance to the inculcation of canons of conduct" was at all obvious or direct. Most of his older boys in the last fortnight have been asking him why business men who profess themselves sincere Christians write such angry letters to the Press when Archbishop Temple insists that his faith involves "canons of conduct" in the economic world, and in the classes he takes in his school he finds that the reconciliation of the problem of evil with the Fatherhood of God is mostly received with polite scepticism. And two of his ablest boys, who read pretty widely, told him that they found it difficult to find help in a faith which speaks one language in the mouth of Archbishop Temple and another language, hardly reconcilable with it, in the mouths of Dean Inge and the Bishop of Gloucester. I particularly sympathised with him as he explained his problems in meeting the questions these boys asked after they had read the late J. M. Robertson's *Short History of Christianity*.

* * *

One of the most exciting features of contemporary life is the quality of interest in the remaking of the world that distinguishes the universities at the present time. I have been teaching now for more than twenty-five years, and, even including the last war, I have never known so great an eagerness to understand our social and international problems. There is much less interest in, because much less experience of, political parties, and Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, and Mr. Stalin apart, the politicians themselves arouse far less interest than men like Lord Keynes or topics like the Beveridge Report. Certainly the undergraduates of these war-years give one unbreakable confidence in the future of Britain. They take serious things seriously; they have a vivid interest in everything life offers; and save for a small group of Communists, a grand sense of humour. And it cannot be easy to be what they are when, men and women alike, the Services relentlessly beckon them and enshroud their futures in a grim mist of insecurity.

* * *

What is more puzzling, in a field like my own, is the way in which the generation born after the last war seems cut off from the culture which preceded it. They all seem to know D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, W. A. Auden, a little of Proust, something of Bertrand Russell, T. S. Eliot, and Ernest Hemingway; if they are of the Left they have read a good deal of Marx and Lenin, and, more occasionally, Trotsky's *History*. But they know little of Dickens or Thackeray, hardly anything of George Eliot, or of Fielding or Meredith; Scott they declare unreadable, and most of the nineteenth-century poets are known by anthology pieces. Few of them have ever read the Bible except as a task at school. They are beginning to re-read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, and Dostoevski, and there is a small group of Trollope enthusiasts and a smaller cult of Jane Austen. What is disturbing, I think, is the relatively small number who have learned to read for enjoyment's sake, or been shown how to relate what they read to the historical setting in which it belongs. It is interesting that a student to whom I lent, at the beginning of the war, Mr. Basil Willey's fine work, *The Seventeenth Century Background*, said that it came to him with something like the force of a revelation.

* * *

I wish some Frenchman with the sense of the great cultural tradition that informs its scholarship at its best would republish, with an introduction, Renan's two great letters to D. F. Strauss, written during the war of 1870. I read them the other day for the first time since the war of 1914, and they seemed, in my memory, to have gained in their sombre magnificence. They are the more moving because of their frank admission of the great debt European civilisation owes to German scholarship. The warning that the search for military glory would destroy the power of Germany to fulfil its real vocation is a tragic prophecy. But there is one sentence that is epic in its prevision, and I think Renan appreciated its significance, since he repeats it in each of the letters. *"Votre race Germanique,"* he writes, *"a toujours l'air de croire à la Walhalla; mais la Walhalla ne sera jamais le royaume de Dieu."* There are passages in these letters which I venture to commend to the officials in charge of French propaganda in the Ministry of Information and the B.B.C.; for, even if there are pages which time has outmoded, the whole achievement is a supreme plea, never more needed than now, for the scholar to remember that his obligations transcend the narrow boundaries of national patriotism. Those who serve truth must not seek to limit its frontiers. HAROLD J. LASKI

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

"The left-wing men in the factories said it was an Imperialist war and undermined our effort. I shall never forgive them for that, whatever they have done since or whatever they will do.—ERNEST BEVIN, *October 17th.*

The Communists may by repentance
Past trespasses try to outlive,
But Bevin has judged and passed sentence,
And Bevin will never forgive.
The wrongs of the Right may be pardoned,
Dead Munichs may bury their dead,
But the heart of the Left has been hardened
When it comes to the wrongs of the Red.

Great nations small nations may suffer,
Opponents their quarrels compose,
The buffer may pardon the buffer
And the Allies may pardon their foes.
The neutrals the neutrals may greet,
World peace old resentments may smother,
The Slav and the Teuton may meet
And Frenchmen may pardon each other.

The Poles may forgive Lithuanians,
The Czech may shake hands with the Pole,
Hungarians may pardon Rumanians
And the Balkans make peace as a whole.
The Germans become friendly aliens,
The Finns with the Russians may speak,
The Greeks may forgive the Italians,
The Bulgarian make up to the Greek,

The people may spare politicians,
The East with the West fraternise,
And parties forgive coalitions
And Allies may forgive their Allies.
A sunburst of mutual concessions
May make earth like the Kingdom of
Heaven,
But the Communist Party's transgressions
Will get no forgiveness from Bevin.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to "Anon."

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

WALLYFORD. TO-MORROW. FIRST RACE OFF AT 3 P.M.—Stalingrad and Wallyford are two places worthy of your respect and support. They have several points in common, including Democracy, Diplomacy, and Initiative. Without these life can never be what it was planned to be, and no country or business can be properly conducted otherwise. Think this over.—Advt. in *Evening Dispatch* (Edinburgh).

Miss Gibbon, Ketton, has NO Male Goat this season, and Refers All Clients to Mr. Clifton.—
—Advertisement in *Grantham Journal*.

HELP required for dog's half-hour early morning walk. West Bournemouth.—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

A LETTER FROM MOSCOW

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

I WOULD like just to say a few words about this Hess business as seen from Moscow. The prominence given to it in Monday's *Pravda*, which is read by millions of Russians, is such that to treat it merely as a minor pinprick, as another regrettable but understandable little display of Russian bad humour, would be extremely foolish. Since Monday I have talked to dozens of Russians, and I am convinced that Hess raises in their minds a fundamental issue concerning the conduct of the war. I think it would be very deplorable if people in Britain merely sat back and said: "We must be patient and forebearing. These Russians are wonderful people; look at Stalingrad and the awful losses. One has got to make allowances. We'll have a Second Front some time, but in the meantime it just can't be helped. We've got to put up with a little Russian bad humour."

It isn't that at all. The Russians have been bitterly disappointed in our conduct this year, with all the humming and hawing and hair-splitting over the Second Front communiqué, the unsatisfactory state of the deliveries to Russia—not only their quantity but their quality, as in the case of the over-slow Allied planes delivered to Stalingrad, about the half-hearted tone (as the Russians see it) of the British press on the Second Front issue, about "I've nothing to add to what I've said before." Hess is nothing new to the Russians. They have written little or nothing about it for the past sixteen months, but he has always been in their minds. As long as things went fairly smoothly between England and Russia they thought perhaps that their suspicions about Hess were unjustified. They thought that the "Hess Party" in England did not really matter. Now, after all the disappointments of this year, they begin to wonder again whether it does. They think that the people who have been hesitating about the Second Front this year may also hesitate about a Second Front next year—why not? The secrecy surrounding Hess has become the symbol of something very unhealthy. What if Hess, who might perhaps be, as *Pravda* says, a plenipotentiary representative of the Hitler Government in England, were really to be used for some shady deal? The Germans cannot be happy about the results of the war in 1942. They have not even got Stalingrad yet. The letters received by the German soldiers here from their womenfolk betray great worry at the prospect of interminable war. As long as Hess is guarded in this mysterious way, the Russians will worry about the next German peace offensive which is very much on the cards—a peace offensive at Russia's and Japan's expense.

Many Russians I have talked to do not believe that Hess came to England just out of the blue without preliminary arrangements with somebody or other in Britain. They want a trial as a result of which Hess would "spill the beans." The *Pravda* editorial clearly suggests that there are certain "representatives" who are in contact with Hess's wife. Too much for Russian taste is wrapped in mystery and left unsaid in the Hess business. With varying degrees of intensity Hess has been the talk of the Russian Army for more than a year, and now that they are unquestionably in a bad humour they want to know what it is all about. They say: "Just imagine what you'd feel if we had Ribbentrop hidden away somewhere in Russia without explanation or anything. Only we've got no pro-German party left in our country. Our war effort is 100 per cent. and more than 100 per cent." In short, in the Russian mind the Second Front and Hess are closely linked up.

The trial of Hess, whatever beans may be spilt in the process, would immensely reassure the Russian people that Britain is really in earnest about the war, and that no old school tie considerations count with anybody. This year we have failed militarily to prove to the Russians that we are their allies up to the hilt. They want us to prove politically that we are. In any case they would welcome the maximum light thrown on the Hess affair. The *Pravda* editorial was sharp and shocking to British ears, and contained some rather outrageous expressions, but that only shows how strongly the Russians feel about the issue in this seventeenth month of solo war against the German war machine. The future of Anglo-Russian relations—and November 7th is near when Stalin will no doubt review the war situation—largely depends on the way the Hess business is handled. To have Hess tried will not be a substitute for the Second Front, but it will be at least an assurance that the Second Front will come. Its moral effect in Russia will be enormous. If there is no trial then it is absolutely essential that there should be a full and sincere explanation from the Government of what this Hess business is about and why a trial is undesirable for the present.

THE GREEK EXHIBITION

While no pretence is made of rivalling the pre-war exhibitions of French and Persian Art, the show of Greek Art at Burlington House is highly enjoyable, instructive, and even inspiring. The visitor to modern Greece knows how similar in many of their ways the population are to their classical predecessors, and recent history has proved that in face of overwhelming odds they equal the companions of Leonidas. In this exhibition we can see the old Hellenic sensibility to form persisting through centuries of foreign oppression, when the Greeks had been deprived of the whole material basis for civilisation. After long neglect we now acknowledge that Byzantine Art is one of the grandest products of æsthetic creativeness. A few specimens of religious painting in this show display—notably those from Crete—interesting æsthetic potentialities. But the pottery made between 1100 and 1500 A.D. is the supreme example here of the Byzantine genius. That the gifts conspicuous in Hellenic and Byzantine Art have continued up to the present is suggested by some of the later textiles produced when folk-art became, alas, the only possible form of æsthetic expression.

The finest single object shown is the Cottenham Relief, an exquisite piece of Attic carving. Beside this, the casts necessarily look coarse. But they have been chosen with great taste, and due emphasis is placed upon archaic work. The whole exhibition, indeed, is calculated to appeal especially to the contemporary artist, who as a rule is similarly preoccupied with form and material rather than with naturalism. In the choice of stone and bronze figurines and of ceramics special attention has again been given to the early periods. The choice of coins is notably good—how impressively these form a microcosm of Hellenic Art! Whether one examines the vigorously schematised Centaurs on the archaic vases or the elegance of the Tanagra terra-cottas, not only alertness of spirit but a profound sensibility to the material is conspicuous. This, indeed, failed the Greeks only in the later vases, which the artists treated as sketch-books, making drawings beautiful indeed intrinsically, but often inappropriate as ornament. Minoan Art is also represented in the Exhibition, and once again one is struck by its inferiority to Greek Art. For it is curious rather than beautiful, reminding one alternatively of late Japanese taste and of the Art Nouveau style. How noble, on the other hand, are the marble objects made in the Bronze Age on the Greek islands.

It is a pity that the casts and small objects that to-day necessarily have to represent the art of Greece could not have been accompanied by a fine series of large photographs showing the masterpieces of Greek and Byzantine architecture, and the splendours of Byzantine mosaic. Apart from this I have nothing but enthusiastic praise for the selection and arrangement of the Exhibition. Mr. C. T. Seltman is responsible for this, as also for the catalogue and its excellent introduction. The whole effect is to impress even those who have had the happiness of travelling in Greece more profoundly than ever with the vigour, delicacy and variety of Greek civilisation.

Roger Marvell

THE MOVIES

"The Defence of Tsaritsyn," at the Tatler

The U.S.S.R. is the only country in the world that uses its cinema for writing history. *Suvorov*, the Gorky biography, *Chapayev*, *Guerrillas of the Don*, the campaign in Finland: these are a few of its illustrious chapters in recent years. *The Defence of Tsaritsyn* (Stalingrad, 1918) is one of the best, if not the best, of these re-creations of the Soviet past. Socialist realism has found its balance; that is, the bias is now no more than in any other treatment of history, from Macaulay to Tolstoy. Where *The Defence of Tsaritsyn* surpasses other films of a similar kind is not in the landscapes, the people, the battle-pieces, the conjunction of realism with political faith—these have been the strength of every notable Russian film in the last ten years; the new quality to be found in this film at the Tatler is an added balance and a longer rhythm in the treatment of episodes. Since the fault of nearly all these earlier films has been their partial and episodic nature, the gain is considerable. *The Defence of Tsaritsyn* employs a magnificent realism to depict the holding of a key-town against the White and German forces in 1918; the planting of a machine-gun at a vital point, the rebuilding of the bridge linking Voroshilov's forces with Tsaritsyn under the command of Stalin, the suspect "regular" generals of the Bolshevik army, the three peasants forming a deputation from their village to protest against the pooling of grain—these incidents, splendidly realised, lead up to the climax where Stalin and Voroshilov clasp hands and Tsaritsyn is relieved. The film ends a trifle abruptly, but I see from the programme this is only a First Part, "Voroshilov's Journey," to be followed by a second. The film gives an astonishingly complete picture not only of events, but of the formation of Bolshevik ideals and tactics among a gallant rabble of fighters, workers and thinkers. The name of Lenin on the lips of soldiers or peeling off a teleprinter spreads like magic. Sergei and Dmitri Vasilyev, the directors, prove themselves capable of taking a longer view than is usually possible in film art; the chief characters are some historical (Stalin and Voroshilov, both admirably played) and some fictional; a Cossack cavalryman and the woman in trousers, who orders the trench-digging to save Tsaritsyn seem likely to play important roles in the sequel. This is, in fact, a film conceived on a large scale and as a whole. Writing the other week about a proposed filming of *War and Peace*, I suggested that only the Russians were capable of handling such a theme: here are the men for the job, the brothers Sergei and Dmitri Vasilyev.

William Whitebait

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Morning Broadcasts of Music on the B.B.C. European Service

Uncommonly good music is to be heard, we have just discovered, every Sunday morning between 9.30 and 10 and every weekday morning between 8.45 and 9, by tuning in to the B.B.C. European service—373 or 1500 metres. Unluckily this is not a time at which many lovers of music are able to listen. But if what we have heard during the last fortnight is a sample, the choice of works is far more enterprising than in any other regular B.B.C. period. It includes music by contemporary composers never heard on the Home services. The reason, no doubt, is that this daily programme is chiefly for the benefit of listeners in the occupied countries, and contains works that cannot be performed under the German heel. Thus we have been treated to music by Czech composers such as Vycpalek and Martinu, famous in their own country but almost unknown here. There have also been admirable performances of Jugoslav and Yiddish songs. Well-chosen Russian and French music is also played; Hungarian music, too, and occasionally German—Hindemith, for instance. A second object of the programme, it seems, is to show European listeners that the English can compose fine music, and lately there have been works by Vaughan Williams and Alan Rawsthorne. The standard of performance is remarkable—Oda Slobodskaya, Kentner, and other admirable artists, including Jani Strasser and Mark Markov, have been heard lately. We recommend those interested in contemporary music to listen whenever possible at this period, though unluckily the programmes are not announced beforehand.

Before You Move!

The demand for this paper greatly exceeds the supply. If you are moving make sure of your copy in the new district before cancelling your order in the old. New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

"The Importance of Being Earnest," at the Phoenix

Mr. John Gielgud's latest revival of *The Importance* is marked by three changes in the cast. Whereas Miss Rutherford enlarged Prism into a pathetic and almost credible figure, out of keeping with the comedy, Miss Jean Cadell interprets the part with exquisite nicety. Mr. J. H. Roberts may be thought not quite pompous enough for Dr. Chasuble, but his rendering is subtle. And Mr. Cyril Ritchard is the best Algy we have had the luck to see. How brilliantly he handled some new "business" in the muffin-scene! Mesdames Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft and Gwen Ffrançon-Davis glitter with their unsurpassed effulgence, though Gwendolyn sometimes suggests a *divorcée* rather than a Victorian *jeune fille*. Mr. Gielgud is no better than he was before—because his performance left no room for improvement. It was, and is, impeccable. There is one point in which as producer he seems to have missed an opportunity: Algy's aside in the second act should, we suggest, not be slurred over naturalistically. Delivered as a soliloquy, it would add a touch of parody quite in keeping with the mockery of stage conventions elsewhere apparent in the play. We regret also that the door-bell in Act One persists in being electric instead of Wagnerian. But the production and the acting of this play set a standard rarely reached in our theatre, and we were pursued into the black-out by a vision of Lady Bracknell arranging her veil and by the echo of her prodigiously exclaiming "A handbag!"

Correspondence

VANSITTARTISM

Sir,—Mr. Laski, always bright and ready to expose his views, fails to answer my question, which was, why does he misrepresent Vansittart? It isn't to the point to call me old and excitable and pretend that I am advocating, or that Vansittart is advocating, the guilty nation idea. That is just dodging the issue, a task at which Mr. Laski is so adept and so typical that it might almost be called Laski-ism "in inverted commas." I still consider my plain question unanswered. It was before Mr. Laski two weeks before it was printed in your columns, so that the poor little scrap of Laski-ism which pretends to reply to it must be the fruit of considerable meditation.

13 Hanover Terrace, H. G. Wells
Regent's Park, N.W.1.

Sir,—For Professor Laski to use "Vansittartism" as a "convenient shorthand" for theories which (since we are being matey) my old and innocent friend Lord Vansittart has never advocated, is a monstrous injustice of which I am sure any one so "vivid, lucid" and usually fair minded as Professor Laski would never have been guilty had he not been writing in a hurry. I hope he will apologise.

If it would be less irrelevant it would be no less unjust for me to use the term "Laski-ism" when referring to the indecent doctrines of the 1922 Committee.

Travellers' Club, S.W.1. Philip Jordan

ALLIED WAR STRATEGY

Sir,—The dispatch of October 16th from the *Times* correspondent in Washington strongly reinforces your article on the subject of Allied war strategy. He quotes Mr. Walter Lippmann, fresh from a visit to England, as saying that "a traffic jam exists at the White House," with the result that many urgent matters are "stalled," and adding that "unfortunately there is a similar difficulty in London and, in consequence, projects languish and decisions are not made which are absolutely necessary to the conduct of the coalition war as a whole, and to the healthy evolution of British-American relations specifically."

The size not only of the American but also of the British Army, the purposes to which they are to be applied, the relationship between military and air strengths, and the impact of these vital questions upon the allocation of man-power, the administration of lend-lease, and the construction of ships, are all facets of the fundamental strategical problem confronting the Allies. No doubt certain major decisions on policy have been taken by Washington and London. But it is all too clear that the machinery does not yet exist by means of which a coherent Allied strategy can be harmoniously developed and swiftly executed.

The absence of effective co-operation between London, Washington, Moscow and Chungking is reflected by events. When all is said and done, apart from the heroic defence of Stalingrad and the no less glorious saga of the convoys, the year 1942 has not, so far, been a good one for the Allies.

As in the last war, they are suffering from divided counsels and lack of co-ordination at the summit.

As in the last war, they have sought to solve their basic problems by multiplying instead of reducing the number of committees, with disastrous results.

As in the last war, they will find ultimate salvation in centralised direction and unity of command.

House of Commons. ROBERT BOOTHBY

SEWAGE SLUDGE

SIR,—The NEW STATESMAN is not (thank heaven) the journal in which to discuss the merits and demerits of any particular forms of sludge disposal, nor of the composting of sludge with refuse. But, in justice to those of your non-technical readers who are interested, one or two misleading inferences contained in Reginald Reynolds' article ought surely to be corrected.

Reynolds seeks to infer that only in the two cases he quotes is the sludge in fact returned to the land satisfactorily; a few other boroughs, he says, are *trying* to use their sewage as Nature intended—the impression conveyed, of course, is that they are not doing so successfully—and "the great majority still treat it merely as a nuisance to be somehow disposed of." These statements are entirely misleading. In my capacity as Consulting Engineer to Local Authorities in all parts of the country, I can assure your readers that in every scheme of which I have knowledge, ranging from works of small rural communities in which the sludge is dried by simple methods (I am avoiding technicalities) to works of large urban authorities where the sludge is treated by the most modern forms of digestion, the sludge is in fact returned successfully to the land, with admirable results; and the experience of my colleagues is similar. The managers of these works are also able to say with a smile that nurserymen and market gardeners and others anxious to enrich their lands and fatten their soils are simply tumbling over themselves to acquire the sludge produced, and that they also could sell three times the amount had they the output. Sewage sludge in any form, so long as it is dry, is in exceptional demand to-day; not only the composted sludge which your contributor praises so fervently.

Another point. "You could literally handle it," says Reynolds in amazement, "without the slightest distaste." This characteristic is likewise no monopoly of composted sludge. Any well-digested, well-dried sludge, composted or not, is perfectly inodorous, and gives the same pleasure in handling as a spit of good earth.

I am hesitant to take up your valuable space, and I am not entering the lists for or against composting, but when near-technical articles appear in non-technical journals for non-technical readers it is the technical man who must correct erroneous impressions.

H. P. K.

FRIENDLY ITALIANS

SIR,—Mrs. Sylvia Sprigge's letter calls for a brief explanation from me. In my question to the Foreign Secretary I described the proposed Italian Centre in London as "anti-Fascist" to make clear to the House that the persons for whom I was pleading were not carrying out "enemy Government activities" in this country, but were convinced adherents of the cause of the United Nations—because it is the cause of the true Italy. When it was pointed out to me that my question had been misconstrued by Mr. Eden to mean that the Centre would be "political," I wrote privately to remove that impression.

It is still true that we can have "100,000,000 Allies—if we choose." IVOR THOMAS

House of Commons.

SIR,—May I add a word in favour of the scheme referred to in Mrs. Sprigge's letter in these columns last week? As she says, it was *not* intended to ask the British Council to sponsor a political centre for Italians in London. What is desired is, in this case, something different.

Italian immigration, as much as there has been into this island, has been left to find its own feet. So it happened that the Italian colony was under the influence of Fascist propaganda. Nothing could be more desirable now than a good educational and social centre among the Italian colony in London, where the truth about the past and the present could be made known, advice be given about problems of wartime life (perhaps by Italian-speaking members of the Citizens Advice Bureau) and the pleasures of Italian and English literature, art and music, could be shared by members and friends. That kind of co-operation is indeed useful for all who take part in it.

I sincerely hope the scheme may be reconsidered.

For Italians who wish to take a more active political part in the struggle there is our Free Italy Movement in London, which regularly broadcasts to Italy.

D. PETTOELLO,
President of Free Italy Movement.

Cambridge.

CAT AND MOUSE

SIR,—It is perhaps as well that your correspondent "J.P." for very good reasons (which apply equally to me) has to remain anonymous. He and his fellow magistrates have apparently been consigning conscientious objectors to prison quite illegally. The National Service (Armed Forces) Act, 1939, which governs the matter, clearly lays down that no person shall be required to submit to medical examination who is registered as a conscientious objector, irrespectively of whether his registration is absolute or conditional. (*Vide* Sections 3 (1), 5 (6) (*b*), and 5 (10) of the Act.)

Compulsory participation in active military operations is objectionable in itself; but when once we have decided that it is necessary in the interests of the community, and necessary incidentally for the purpose of trying to make the burden rest equitably as between man and man, it seems obvious that, however disagreeable it may be, we should not allow it to degenerate into a voluntary matter by concession to opposition by individuals however determined and persistent. The object of the Tribunals is to try to save those whose objections to such participation is one, not of mere opinion or self-will, but of conscience, from the inequity of compelling them to it. The task of discriminating between these two categories is not so simple as your original correspondent on this

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JONATHAN CAPE

subject, Mr. Fenner Brockway, would appear to infer. He indicates that the two cases which he cites had been considered by the Tribunals and had been decided by them not to be conscientious objectors. No doubt all human tribunals are liable to err, and Mr. Brockway infers that the Tribunals have been shown to have been wrong in these cases because the objectors have "proved their sincerity" by their subsequent history of submitting to repeated imprisonment rather than participate in military service. Undoubtedly they have proved the sincerity of their opposition; but the circumstances cited do not *per se* indicate anything more than determination and persistence. They contribute nothing towards elucidating the motives behind the determination, much less whether these motives are matters of conscience.

One could cite the repeated convictions of habitual criminals, which indicate nothing as to whether they are Robin Hoods; but more appositely I may cite a case which came before me the other day. I had to order an Irishman from Dublin to submit to medical examination when he had failed to obey a notice to do so. He claimed to be a citizen of Eire, but he had lingered in this country so long that he had become enmeshed in our compulsory military service law. He left the dock protesting that he would gladly serve in the army of Eire but would rather be shot than wear a British uniform. One can feel a measure of sympathy for the Irishman, and his sincerity is not in question; but the point is he neither is, nor makes any claim to be, a conscientious objector, and yet his subsequent history will almost certainly exactly parallel the cases instanced by Mr. Brockway.

Would it not serve the cause of conscientious objectors better to keep the searchlights of public opinion turned on the proceedings before the Tribunals, in order to stimulate a high standard for the conduct of their difficult and delicate duty, rather than on instances of the distasteful things inevitably involved in compulsion but which prove nothing one way or the other as to the fate of conscientious objectors?

JUDEX

AID TO RUSSIA

SIR,—Since the initiation eleven months ago of the Red Cross "Aid to Russia" Fund which bears my name, the public have subscribed more than £2,100,000 and despite the many other demands upon their compassion and generosity the flow of contributions has never ceased.

At the present time there is a balance available of about £250,000 after payment has been made for all supplies on order and yet to be received. Since the call first came from our valiant Ally eighteen consignments of a total weight of 2,571 tons have been shipped to Russia and supplies of medical requisites, equipment, etc., are still being sent out.

The articles dispatched, in addition to a number of portable X-ray units, motor X-ray units and ambulances, have included:

530,000	Blankets
50,000	First Aid Pouches.
50,000	Children's Coats
40,000	„ Breechettes
2	Tons Chloroform
2	„ Ether
10,000	kilos Sulphanilamide
50,000	kilos Chloramine
150,000	Dissecting Forceps
77,000	Hypodermic Syringes
200,000	Ampoules Strophantin
50,000	kilos Lanoline
15,000	„ Sodium Bromide
180,000	Scalpels
60,000	prs. Surgical Scissors
11,000	Sterilizers
324,000	prs. Surgical Gloves
63,000	Hot Water Bottles
54,000	Tourniquets
523,000	yds. Rubber Sheeting

The following articles have been ordered and will be shipped during the next few months.

100	Portable X-Ray Sets
30	tons Blood Transfusion Tubing
30	„ Cocoa Butter
100	„ Medical Glucose
200	Portable Disinfectant Apparatus
550	Large Hospital Tents
800,000	yds. Tarpaulin
1,000,000	„ „
400–500	tons Essential Drugs
300,000	pieces Civilian Relief Clothing

In addition to medical and surgical supplies Red Cross and St. John, in conjunction with the W.V.S., sent out, at the request of the British Government, 400,000 woollen garments for Russian refugees restored to regained territory.

The work of the "Aid to Russia" Fund continues unabated and I wish to express my gratitude also to all who have helped me so much in obtaining such large quantities and so wide a range of supplies, many of them highly specialised and not easy to come by.

CLEMENTINE S. CHURCHILL

CHRISTIAN HARMONIES

SIR,—As the important issues raised by Mr. Sidney Dark in his letter of September 5 and further discussed in subsequent correspondence in your journal are of concern not only to professing Christians of various denominations, to politicians and economists but to those who find their major interests in the visual arts, may I offer a few observations on the part the Church might play in the establishment of those visible harmonies by which the worth of every civilisation must ultimately be judged? I join with Mr. Sidney Dark in condemning that doctrine of "other-worldliness" which is perhaps in part derived from the Pauline statement that "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." The renascence of the Church to-day must surely depend upon its recognition that "The things which are seen" are the authentic symbols of what is spiritual and on that account are of high significance.

What appears to be required, therefore, is to restore and emphasise the *aesthetic* content of Christian doctrine. But this need not mean that the Church should move towards the "Left." For the political theories of the "Left Wingers," although in one sense worldly, are as devoid of aesthetic content as are those of the most perverse "*other*-worldly" Christians. Take, for instance, the slogan "Nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange." No visible harmony or beauty need result from such a programme. Still less has the Church anything to gain by moving towards the "Right," towards the party of privilege. For the agency that does most to frustrate the efforts of those striving to introduce into the world the visible harmonies which are the expression of moral and spiritual well-being is irresponsible finance. Although the money-changers were once so ignominiously expelled from the Temple, they have now re-established themselves there and occupy the principal seats. To turn them out is difficult. All the more welcome, therefore, was the courageous and inspiring speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Albert Hall recently, in which he proclaimed that finance must no longer be our master.

Yet monetary reform is justified only if it is conceived as a means to the accomplishment of creative purposes. The Malvern Conference showed clearly that the Church to-day has such purposes in view. As is well known, the Industrial Christian Fellowship was deputed by the Malvern Conference to make definite proposals for "physical reconstruction" in both urban and rural areas in Great Britain. That I was privileged to attend a Committee of this body, engaged in examining the issues of town and country planning is my excuse for venturing to add my comments to those of Mr. Sidney Dark on the subject of the Church and civilisation.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"The doctor is a brisk man with the address of a man of the world, free, quick to smile, of agreeable manners—not exactly a gentleman—but what Englishman is?" Thus Nathaniel Hawthorne* peevishly writing up his journal in the damp, the fog and the cold of a Liverpool August in 1853. He had just become American consul in that city and in between settling the sordid affairs of derelict sailors and lying emigrants, on the one hand, and dining out with the overfed Liverpool merchants on the other, he made the minutely detailed records of his English journal. A novelist who diarises to that extent becomes fact-bound and kills his imagination and Hawthorne's notebooks were to be his only literary work during the next few years. Were the English gentlemen? The genteel and suspicious Yankee aristocrat of Salem sniffed around the consequential mayors and brokers until he found their weak spot. How delighted, too, he was to hear that the bankers despised the Barings for being brokers, that Miss Mitford was not all charm, and that Thackeray was afraid of servants. Such discoveries were the compensations of one who had always been outside of things, whose own family had sunk into the mediocrity which undermines the proud, and who as a traveller had a fatal gift for missing first-rate company. The marketable Emerson had found his feet at once; the cautious and awkward Hawthorne seems to have gone out of his way to get his corns trodden on by the wrong people. Hence the accurate but subtly untruthful picture of England and the English his notebooks so frequently gave. Later on he was to relent a little and contrast favourably "the warm, cheerful juicy English life" with "the drier and less genial spirit of New England." But for a long time we were a nation of stammering vulgarians who guzzled too much and were generally spoiled and stupefied by success. English society was a sort of Smithfield. English women were so much majestic meat and as for the rest of us:

> The best thing a man born in these islands can do is to eat his beef and mutton and drink his porter and take things as they are, and think thoughts that shall be beefish, muttonish, portish and porterish, that they shall be matters material rather than intellectual. In this way an Englishman is natural, wholesome and good; a being fit for the present time and entitled to let the future alone.

There was one point in our favour—he was writing at the time of the Crimean War—and that was how the whole nation hung together in a crisis. But even here Hawthorne had to confess that he would never really like England until she failed and came hat in hand suing for American help.

That time has come and, by a stroke of poetic justice, the first complete edition of the English notebooks. Some of Hawthorne's opinions were already known in his book *Our Old Home*, and a very much edited and amended edition of the notebooks appeared in the 'seventies. But Hawthorne's wife suppressed the mild carnal vein which broke out from time to time in her husband—a reverie, for example, on the connubial peculiarities of sleeping with a very fat wife—and especially saw to his gentility. (One of the jaunty pleasures Hawthorne enjoyed in London was to smoke a cigar in the street, which no gentleman could do at that time in Boston; Mrs. Hawthorne cut out these public cigars). Also, she touched up his style. Not very serious, but if Hawthorne's was an aloof figure it was because he was shy and uncouth, and not because he was a prig or a snob. Henry James always said, Hawthorne was a provincial. The awkwardness of Hawthorne resembles rather the awkwardness of the solitary and he goes about human society with the unsociability of the great naturalists, the gloom of the birdwatchers and botanists who escape from their haunted private histories into the lineage and genealogy of nature.

The *English Notebooks* make a very large volume and there is an enormous variety of portraits in them. There are the cadgers who come to the consulate. A captain makes a deposition about a murder; a corpse has to be inspected at a sailors' lodging house. A Liverpool banquet follows. There is a good deal of tourism. English fruit is bad. The gardens of the great estates are cumbersome triumphs over an impossible climate. The Lakes are visited and the Hawthornes peep over Wordsworth's wall and talk with Southey's gardener. In London Hawthorne sees Tennyson being led like a touselled bear round an art gallery and a cheerful young man introduces himself as Robert Browning at a dinner party. But most of the literary acquaintances are voluble second-raters: Mr. Hall, for example, who spouts platitudes for hours and turns out to be the original of Mr. Pecksniff. There is the American Ambassador, a delightful, homely man who shakes Hawthorne's patriotic nerve by tying a knot in a very dirty handkerchief to remind him to ask the Lord Chamberlain for seats in the House of Commons. Visits to the Crystal Palace, the Zoo—an excellent description of a monkey here—precede an attack of museum blues in Great Russell Street where the rebel against the past utters the opinion that the impedimenta of civilisation should be destroyed by the users in every generation—as if the heir to the House of the Seven Gables were prophesying his nation's adoption of the temporary bungalow as a national architecture. Especially remarkable is Hawthorne's interest in the slums and life of the poor. That was Victorian England's fabulous curiosity, but few tourists realised it. The poor went barefoot in Scotland Row and Tottenham Court Road, where they ate their food in the streets. The butchers handed hot boiled beef over the counters and down in the Thames Tunnel the whelk stalls were kept by troglodytes who never, presumably, saw the light of day. Hawthorne visited the hospitals, the workhouses, the orphanages; he watched—with a New England shudder—the loud romping and horseplay of the working classes; and coming home to his English coalfire at night, he wrote down his descriptions with the conscientious realism of the Dutch genre painters.

We rely, I suppose, on Dickens or things like the Doré engravings for our impressions of the life of the English poor; elsewhere I do not remember anything better than Hawthorne's sketches of the damp, smoking, ragged mournfulness of the new industrial world and its stunted derelicts. In his own country the ghosts that haunted him were emanations of an evil past, the wraiths of the witch-burning Puritans, the family tyrants, the flagellant fanatics; in London and Liverpool, the ghosts lived and walked by day. A rebel against his own tradition but not a reformer, Hawthorne thought of the sins of the poor and of the vulgarity of the comfortable. In New England life was rarefied; the Over-Soul had been conceived at Brook Farm. In Old England life spewed forth in excess. No one who had been near the dreams of the frugal Yankee Utopia of Brook Farm, he said, could stand the gluttonous British talk of progress. Now we compare, say, the rationed Utopia of the Fabian with Dr. Buchman's clotted-cream Heaven, and marvel at the revisions the modern Hawthorne would have to make.

The *English Notebooks* give a poorer impression of Hawthorne as an artist than one got from the American Notebooks which belong to his earlier years. I have lately read *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House with the Seven Gables* and some of the *Twice Told Tales*. I have tried and failed to read his Italian novel, *The Marble Faun*. Once the mind is attuned to the old-fashioned cadence of Hawthorne's prose, we receive a shock of delight from Hawthorne's writing. The limpid English of *The House with the Seven Gables* is like spring water to the head. It clarifies the mind. The name that occurs, of course, as one reads, is Henry James. Here in Hawthorne with the dew of unblemished childhood on his cheek is the unspoiled regional progenitor of the great havering cosmopolitan octopus. They are kindred temperaments. Like James, Hawthorne hovers over his subject, hates the clinch of action, transposes instinctively at the approach of climax. James goes forward to the past as to an illusion. Upon Hawthorne the past creeps like an inherited and inescapable malady. The sins, not the culture of the fathers, are visited upon the children into the third and fourth generation; and it is not until Hawthorne went to Italy and wrote *The Marble Faun* that he caught something of James's European passion. Then there is the sense of sin in Hawthorne which in James is the sense of corruption. But Hawthorne, too, as he turns to the New England legends and builds his romances, surveys them for their psychological symbolism. He stands at the end of Puritanism seeking what Puritanism has done to the soul and analysing that taint with the delicacy of the poet and the detachment of the psychologist. Pride has brought calamity upon love in *The Scarlet Letter*, love has engendered sin, sin has brought forth impartially beauty, goodness and destruction. The Puritan heart can know only torture. Love cannot wipe out another's guilt and each must stand alone with his own sin. The persecution and flagellation themes in the relation of Chillingworth and Dimmesdale in *The Scarlet Letter* are stock motifs in romantic literature—one sees again the pursuing agent in *Les Misérables*—and here in Puritan terms, we see honour turning to vengeance and vengeance destroying the soul of the avenger as he destroys his victim. James, too, will show virtue corrupting itself and he will encrust the skinny pathos of things like the Pyncheon pride, with a more luxurious implication. James belongs to a world loaded with more goods and to a society less militant but more acquisitive.

In its own kind *The House with the Seven Gables* is a flawless story. There are few things in romance more exquisite, artistically and psychologically, than the awakening of the feeble Clifford when his oppressor dies, nor more tragic than Clifford's collapse. Hawthorne's Tales have another quality, something like the more awkward and bleak literal line of the notebooks. I am not thinking of the New England legends, like the one about *The Grey Champion*; but of observed things like *The Shaker Wedding*. There the ignorant hearts of the American sectaries are exposed. Hawthorne, like James, was a psychologist; his stories enfold a symbolism and meaning. Unlike Poe he does not turn the mysterious or the evil upon our emotions like a rising whirlwind until we feel the ungovernable suction of nightmare. Hawthorne seeks instead the anatomy and fate of the soul. With perhaps an excess of delicacy and circumspection, with what was finally, I suppose, the reverie of the isolated man who has lost self-confidence.

V. S. Pritchett

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* *The English Notebooks of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* Randall Stewart. *Oxford University Press.* 36s.

THE MODERN BIOLOGIST

Evolution—The Modern Synthesis. By Julian Huxley *Allen and Unwin.* 25s.

Two spectres look over the shoulders of the theoretician. One is over-simplification, and the other epicyclicity. The first urges him to produce, as his explanation of the matter in hand, a translation of it into terms which he can relate to each other but which are not sufficient to contain the matter. The latter tempts him to advance an explanation in terms which be so extended, and with relations so many, that it can in principle be used to explain nearly anything, and therefore loses much of its value in any particular case. In the nineteenth century biologists listened—and who can blame them?—to the first voice. They traded in such concepts as the modification of structures by use and disuse, the descent of man from monkeys, and other short and simple-seeming phrases without any systematic or functional account of a unifying mechanism of heredity to describe the self-perpetuating system in which these events were to be supposed to occur. Some of their ideas had enormous repercussions. They made respectable the notion that change could be in some way good. T. H. Huxley gave common men the idea of progress as a thing which somehow happened on this earth, as the voice of his grandson does in many homes now. But the explanation of this progress in terms of forces, or in terms of anything which could be independently checked and examined, was very weak, and very easily attacked. The view of nature proposed then was in fact far too simple: far simpler than nature is.

At the turn of the century mendelian genetics began to provide biologists with a set of terms in which to describe heredity which made possible a new view of the forces which through time mediate changes in the qualities of a population. Biologists began to talk and to think of the rather simple distribution in each generation of certain real and discrete potentialities derived from the last one. These potentialities were envisaged as directly related to real entities passed on to each child by each of that child's parents. These entities were called genes.

In this most important book Dr. Huxley sets out to lay before the reader a translation of the observations and the concepts of those who are rightly called naturalists in the widest sense of the word, both recent and not so recent, into terms of what is often called neo-mendelism. He attempts, in these terms, as the sub-title indicates, a modern synthesis. Now, neo-mendelism is not, whatever it is, an over-simplification in the sense spoken of above. In essence it is the proposition that the qualities of the child depend, not simply on the mendelian genes he got from his parents, but on the interaction of these genes with each other, and indeed with as much of the rest of the universe as can be got on the plate at the moment. The development of this extremely important concept, while of course not the work of one man, will always be associated with the name of Dr. R. A. Fisher, who did much to give it coherence and who gave it a magic christening present of a mathematical technique whose continued growth forms one of the most important branches of statistics. But when the second spectre saw this coming he must have drawn in his breath in happy expectation, for of all theories this one is perhaps the most likely to slide into epicyclicity. It is possible to get a very decent approximation to the paths of the planets in terms of circles if you are allowed to bring in any number of circles for the centres of the other circles to describe. This epicyclic explanation of planetary motion does not exactly fail so much as just get uselessly complicated. Dr. Huxley does not regard this as any good reason for not making use of neo-mendelian genetics, and nor ought anyone to do so. It is, however, a good reason for care, because it would be possible to get a very decent approximation to almost any actual happening in heredity if you were allowed to count in as many genes and as many interactions as you want to make the sum come right. Again, the explanation would not fail—it would just get uselessly complicated.

Dr. Huxley presents a fascinating and extremely complex picture of that fascinating and extremely complex thing called living nature, painted in genes. His picture is essentially dynamic. This dynamic quality makes demands on the reader. It is not an easy book. It will upset the complacent and static-minded reader as badly as its author did the static and complacent Zoo. The reader will either have to throw the book away, or think.

Space and time make a difference to animals. Over the surface of the earth a kind of animal or plant will vary. Dr. Huxley has elsewhere proposed the name "cline" for the group through which a gradual change in colour or in some other quality can be traced over a great or small area. Down through the rocks a kind of animal or plant will vary—some part of a shell, perhaps, will get bigger or smaller as you go down. Dr. Huxley explains these variations in terms of mendelian genes and their interactions. One of the important parts of the book is that large one which deals with what we rather forlornly call the species problem—a little as Japan used to speak of the Singapore problem. Translated into terms of these genes the problem looks quite different. The species which man wants for purposes of classification is not always the species that nature wants to work on with her tools of selection and variation. The recognition of different kinds of species, the "natural unit" and the conveniently recognised group, is a most important step in understanding, and perhaps ultimately in solving, the problem. This book will do much to that end.

The book builds up to its last section in which T. H. Huxley's grandson tells us of progress in our world in his terms. He points to the fact, which all must admit, that in the past there has been a succession of "dominant groups" in the world. The sea-scorpions and the reptiles had their day and more or less ceased to be. Dr. Huxley suggests that as one group succeeds another in the dominating position we can see that it does so in virtue of having attained to a higher degree of control over or independence of its environment. Man is now the nominally dominant group. He may lose his position, b there is nothing in sight with a greater degree control. Man's progress, then, is to be thoug of as an increase in the control of his environm in a large sense—so large as to include hims and his neighbours. *Si monumentum requir circumspice.*

It is right to add that there are men, some them Russians, who doubt the value of this neo mendelian way of explaining things. They fe that the epicyclicity, always near in this argumen is actually inherent. It must be remembered th the present neo-mendelian terms of the investiga tion are no more final than the terms of simp mendelism which seemed so clever thirty yea ago and seem so silly now. Much of the criticis of neo-mendelism is probably unfair as well intemperate. But in so far as its critics point o that these terms will pass away they are righ and in so far as they point to what they thin will develop into the cracks which will brin down the house upon the ruins of which the ne unthought-of structure will rise they are onl playing the game according to the rules. B much remains to be done. Neo-mendelism not eternal, but neither is it played out. Perha some of its critics are, like Burke in the memorab words of Fox, "right, but right too soon."

PAUL G. 'ESPINASSE

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payer's money is spent upon them. For they y too easily persuade foreigners that we are y years behind the rest of the world in colour-nting; or, worse, that English painting has ways been hideous. Dr. Harry Roberts, in his *itish Rebels and Reformers* is concerned only th the champions of the poor. The "Glorious volution" is not even mentioned, nor is cke, though these set the pattern that made er reforms possible. Again, he describes t's Rebellion, but says nothing of Robert ke and the Pilgrimage of Grace. I give these stances, not to blame Dr. Roberts, but to show impossibility of even summarising so large a bject in so short a text. He writes with humane d undogmatic good sense. "I think that story shows us that it is love of justice rather an of riches, rather even than of liberty, that rs the average Englishman to action." He ves neat and just sketches of John Ball, Wat yler, Jack Cade, Latimer, Thomas More, Ket, instanley, Godwin, Cobbett, Owen, Shaftes-ry, Grey, Place, Lovett, Elizabeth Fry, William orris and the Fabians. Throughout he treats terial wealth as a means and not an end. Efficient production will have little ultimate lue, even in promoting human happiness if it accompanied by inefficient and vulgar con-mption." And he ends his admirably wise say by emphasising the paramount need for form in education. "Politics, ultimately, is ncerned, not with states and abstract policy, t with men and women who are born, see ions, fall in love and die."

Miss Rose Macaulay, under the rather com-ehensive title *Life Among the English*, concen-tes upon social pleasures, particularly among the sured and urban class. She whisks us from e British tribeswomen, "much under the sway their local Druids," through eighteen centuries shelter-life in bombed London. She is gener-s with nicely selected quotations, and her mments are brisk with wit. Geniality, erudi-on and irony have established in her a most licitous *ménage à trois*. Love of pleasure, shown greed, petulence, dressiness and gusto for enter-inments, emerges as the chief trait of the ajority, while a Puritan minority, in every age, nds an equal qualification in deploring such nketings. An odd fact, on which we would like iss Macaulay's opinion, is that as the standards life have risen, literature has become corre-ondingly depressed. Until the present century, ost good books expressed pleasure; even an dignant reformer like Dickens obviously felt that life was well worth living. Now, almost all good writers are given up to groans. To this rule Miss Macaulay is a blessed exception, and I vehemently recommend her book for the vicarious pleasures it enables us in our fancy to enjoy.

Mr. Graham Greene, like Mr. Aldous Huxley, regards the grosser pleasures with an inquisitive but Jansenist disgust. He is the least commonplace, also the least common, of critics—and can even say something new about Shakespeare. He insists that audiences get the plays they deserve. Webster once enjoyed the popularity now reserved for "a Van Druten, a St. John Ermine or a Dodie Smith." About Shaw he is evasive, and Synge is the only man of this century to receive high praise. Many of his judgments are challenges to accepted opinions. He denigrates Congreve; who had indeed, a poor sense of the theatre, compared with Wycherley or Farquhar, but whose style is far finer than Mr. Greene allows. To call *The Country Wife* a "lovely nonsense tale" seems to me nonsense, though Lamb, I suppose, would have agreed with Mr. Greene. Mrs. Centlivre and Colman and Murphy, we are told, were as good playwrights as Goldsmith and Sheridan; this may be true, but can one know without having seen their works performed? Mr. Greene is so stimulating and individual in his judgments that one wants to argue with every other sentence. His book, in fact, is immensely enjoyable, but one wants more of it, much more. RAYMOND MORTIMER

F. H. BRADLEY

Bradley's Dialectic. By R. W. Church. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

There can be few philosophers over forty years of age whose imagination has not been gripped at a first reading of Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*; if it so happens that the reader has a taste for metaphysics and is not without delight in the appeal to imagination he will have found in his reading a rare and perhaps incommunicable enjoyment. Bradley belongs to the small number of philosophers whose work deserves to be studied thoroughly or to be wholly ignored. Unfortunately, most of those who write about Bradley's metaphysical essay have not studied him thoroughly, and few who write about philosophy manage wholly to ignore him. In consequence much of the criticism called forth by Bradley is as inept as much that has been said about Hume. Professor Church has studied both Bradley and Hume in the only appropriate way, namely, from the standpoint adopted by the philosopher himself. It is, accordingly, not surprising that this short book on Bradley's dialectic has succeeded in bringing out the essential character of Bradley's metaphysic. To have done this is to have done something worth doing now.

Professor Church's aim is twofold: first, to expound "in somewhat simple terms" the essential character of the dialectic of Bradley; secondly, to insist upon the radical nature of the disjunction between absolute and relational identity; the first of these undertakings could not be achieved without the second. Bradley repudiates the logic of contradictories in order to replace it with the dialectic of contraries; his logic is the logic of Hegel, not the logic of Aristotle (and thus, we may add, not the logic of plain men). A dialectic is a way of elucidating; Bradley claims, Professor Church points out, that there is only one way of elucidation—"the relational way of thought." It is essential to understand Bradley's view of relations. Those who have most severely criticised Bradley's argument against the theory of external relations have ignored Bradley's own constructive theory of relations; he does not deny the "reality" of relations in any sense in which he does not also deny the "reality" of anything except the Absolute; he denies that there really are "independently real" relations. This denial is necessitated by Bradley's rejection of the Law of Identity "A is A" and with it the rejection of the Law of Contradiction "A is not A." These "Laws" are, Bradley thinks, tautologies, and are thus inane. For these he substitutes a theory of identity in difference, which entails the rejection of merely numerical diversity. It is thus wholly mistaken to suppose that Bradley's view of relations can be adequately dealt with as a variant of theories of *internal* relations. These points are well brought out by Professor Church in an argument that cannot be summarised here.

Seven of the nine chapters contained in this book are mainly expository; the exposition could not be better done. In the two last chapters Professor Church briefly urges two fundamental criticisms. Bradley's dialectic of relations rests upon the assumption that all difference is qualitative; his theory of quality and relation is held to entail that all difference is qualitative; that is to say, Bradley assumes that to differentiate is to make a qualitative difference; he then concludes that there cannot be a difference that is merely numerical. Accordingly, he begs the

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question. This question-begging is the outcome of Bradley's assumption that experience is becoming; there is a middle term between any two opposites. Since, short of the Absolute, there is only appearance, either there is no criterion of degrees of appearance or the coherence of an appearance is its own criterion.

Hume and Bradley are fittingly contrasted; the former takes identity to be absolute, the latter takes identity to be relational; the former uses the logic of plain men, the latter the dialectic of Hegel, to establish his point. Neither can refute the other. As Professor Church well says: "They do not speak the same language." Those who speak the language of Bradley will enjoy this book; those who speak the language of Hume may learn from it not to criticise a man for saying something he did not say. They would do better to listen to someone else. L. SUSAN STEBBING

STAR-GAZING

Astronomy for Night Watchers. By J. B. SIDGWICK. *Faber and Faber.* 5*s.*

Of all the things a human being can devote his life to watching—crowds, clouds, bacteria, the puffin, a roulette-wheel, teleprinter news, race-horses, albino mice, or opera-singers—the most baffling, the most inexhaustible is the night sky. There it is in fine weather, the fretted vault, look you, our only real glimpse of the universe. How many miles to Babylon, how many light-years to Gemini and Eridanus? Well, we gaze; and Venus shines out in the evening, and Mars has a reddish tinge; but still the Elizabethan vault is nearer to us than Jeans's expanding space. We may believe Jeans; when it comes to facts, figures, distances, of course we must. But the simple eye revels. It can see no farther than the imagination carries; and that's as far as the moon, with some straining.

239,000 miles, as the universe goes, is a short jump. The telescope can reveal objects on the moon's surface no larger than St. Paul's. Craters, dark plains, Variable Spots, Bright Rays, no water, extremes of temperature, negligible atmosphere. Then what has the selenographer got to look at? More than one might suppose. He can look in a general way at the moon's half always facing us, wondering possibly, like the housemaid in the poem, about its beautiful behind. The plains on the moon are called seas, the larger plains oceans: these he can observe in different lights, measure, check, re-map. There are the regular phases and eclipses, which mustn't be missed. This is as exciting, anyway, as watching a float in a minnow stream. But the real moon-gazer restricts his view to a small area—a crater-floor, for example—which he examines night after night over a period. Working in this way, Pickering and his followers have made discoveries during the last fifty years, the chief of which are certain small white patches which grow larger with the sun off them, and dark areas that behave in the opposite manner, growing larger and darker in sunlight. The first of these, says Mr. J. B. Sidgwick in his *Astronomy for Night Watchers*, may be patches of hoar-frost; the second a primitive form of vegetable resembling lichens. Neither of these guesses, however, is certain enough to prove the existence of water and life on the moon. Aesthetically, the chief attraction of a barren globe is the spectacle of the earth's shadow moving across it, with the shaded portion lit by earthshine.

Mr. Sidgwick writes for you and me as fire-watchers (more watching!) with time to kill. Idly, as novices attracted by the Great Bear on the cover, we enter his pages, but it is not long before he is trying to make converts, to infect us with expertise: "A meteor is not in itself an interesting thing to observe—merely a moving dot or streak of light lasting a few seconds." That reveals the gap, a shooting star—to the uninitiate—having more intrinsic delight than the objects on the moon as large but not as striking as St. Paul's. But on the previous page Mr. Sidgwick has staggered us with a few figures. "100 million meteors whose average weight is five milligrams enter the atmosphere every twenty-four hours. Then the weight of the earth is increasing through meteoric additions at the rate of about 4,500 tons per annum!" Despite this, it has been calculated that "a single observer would count himself lucky to see as many as eighty meteors per hour even when the earth is passing through a swarm." The casual onlooker becomes an observer when he can plot these on a star-map and forward the results to the British Astronomical Association. Routine observation of meteors, apparently, is carried out entirely by amateurs, and the only necessary equipment is a pair of binoculars with a magnification of from three or five times. One of the charms of astronomy is this gradation from hobby to science, from amateur to expert, with Mr. Will Hay and his sun-spot as an example to us all.

Another and perhaps equally strong fascination is the fabulous dimensions involved. "The brighter clusters are from 100 to 1,000 light years distant, but the majority are between 1,000 and 15,000 light years." The last figure, expressed in miles, works out at 90,000,000,000,000,000. One contemplates such enormities with the queasy detachment of a clerk looking over the Rockefeller account. Too big! It shouldn't be! Most of us would sympathise with Mr. Shaw, who once boldly accused the astronomer of lying.

Mr. Sidgwick's little book will stagger those who want to be staggered (I notice that a new planet, Pluto, was discovered in 1930), and will take others much of the way towards becoming serious watchers. Starting with the Great Bear and the Pole Star, anyone can get to know the sky well enough in a month or so, and from that point he can diverge into meteor-plotting, selenography, mathematical or philosophical speculation. He can get to know the time-table of the universe as intimately as Bradshaw. He can be a prophet, and the prophecies of astronomers, unlike those of the astrologers, come off. Or he can just go on star-gazing, and wondering about Hitler's next.

G. W. STONIER

ANOTHER WALL DOWN

The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë. Edited by C. W. HATFIELD. *Oxford University Press.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

The Columbia University Press continues with its admirable task of putting the works of the Brontës into their proper frame and focus. The result is fascinating to anyone interested in the genesis of works of art, but disconcerting to the legend-makers and those who like yes-or-no answers. For years now the romance of Haworth, like a gimcrack house, has been in steady process of demolition: there is very little of it left now, but what has emerged beneath it is far more really interesting and full of character. The sisters may have been poor, but they were neither bored nor conscious of loneliness; they had each other, and that was sufficient, since they had imagination, too. They may have had bad health and a ne'er-do-well brother, but they never allowed illness to cramp their style, and Bramwell's fire and charm masked from them his hopelessness until they were old enough to support it philosophically.

How happy the childhood of these four must have been, on the whole, is plain from the completeness of the worlds they invented—Charlotte and Bramwell on one side, Emily and Anne on the other. Emily's Gondal epic—especially the innumerable poems composed to illustrate and embellish it—exhibits an imagination nourished exclusively on books. This is, of course, a pity, and it explains the monotony of the emotion, though not the failure of her technique to improve at all consistently over the period of ten years covered by her output of poetry. To read this book from cover to cover is inadvisable and unfair to Emily, who was not writing for publication; but it does bring out the similarity of her spirit to that of another Emily, living at the same time but on the other side of the Atlantic—Emily Dickinson. The complete works of both poets give one that peculiar and rather frightening sen of a secret life, inviolate and inviolable; of white-hot flame jealously guarded. Each w her own standard, hence the unbelievable badne of their worst poems (turn to Nos. 15 and 178 the present volume). But there is a virtue in absolute a refusal of contact: the self, cut o generates a heat that makes it glow like a star.

Emily Brontë the poet remains at her best i anthologies: there is little—very little—ne stuff here that is worth while preserving for i own sake. But her few great successes do acqui new lustre by being relieved of fictitiou autobiography and placed in their true sphere o reference. In any case they remain intensely *her* and it is hard not still to see in "Cold in th Earth" as it were a memory of what might hav been.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

I Wander. By A. EMIL DAVIES. *Watts.* 5*s.*

The travel urge gets many people, from Mr. Pol to Marco Polo. It got Mr. Emil Davies, Chairman o the London County Council, an early Fabian with long record of Socialist work and a reputation as financial journalist, principally made when he was Ci Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. He fe this urge even more persuasively than usual in th days when war was obviously not far off. His dutie ruled out a cruise or a trip round the world; he coul only go for a lot of short jaunts to places as far afiel as Mont Blanc or as near as King's Lynn, which he ha always heard about, but never visited. He describe these trips with a wealth of pleasant and irrelevan anecdotes drawn from past travels and past memorie of Bernard Shaw, the Webbs and other interesting and often stimulating people. The result is a light and entertaining book, modest, amusing and occasionally instructive, as this type of book should be. His funny stories vary from the good to the rather dubious; his illustrations of ingenious frauds, gleaned impartially from the United States and London, are quite good enough to put ideas into the wrong heads, but for myself I most enjoyed reading about Swaffham, a town unknown to me, but with a grand story attached to it about a beggar.

Week-end Competitions

No. 664

Set by Arthur Marshall

Amateur theatricals can be relied upon to produce two things: innumerable mistakes on the part of the players and an ecstatic notice in the local press.

Competitors are invited to write such a notice after an amateur production of one of the following: The Admirable Crichton, The Silver Box, The Circle, The Merchant of Venice, Pygmalion, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Ghosts, Cyrano de Bergerac and The Vortex. Reading between the lines, it should be quite clear that the performance was a complete fiasco.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, November 2nd.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 661

Set by Roger Marvell

One hopes that the fiftieth anniversary of Tennyson's death (October 6th) will excite some of our poets to an act of homage. The usual prizes are offered for not more than 16 lines from such a tribute in the style of any living English poet.

Report by Roger Marvell

The entries for this competition were not numerous, and a fair number of them were disqualified by not being, as far as I could detect, in the manner of any et known to me. But the quality was high. Leslie hnson used the style of E. C. Bentley; ending:

But when his passing-bell tolls,
In place of his stately Rolls
We see forced in
A low-powered Austin.

Silvia Tatham dons the robes of the mute successor Tennyson on the Laureate's throne:

Deep-browed Tennyson, elf-locked, pensive,
Greetings from a craftsman has sailed your summer seas,
With a cargo of burnished doves,
Samite from Camelot,
Lotus and lilies and murmuring bees.

John Fay's imitation of Miss Edith Sitwell ends:

And the shawms on the lawns and the silver on the water and the honest gardener's daughter
And the lily and the gillyflowers are fled before the technicolor, sabbatarian sanitary happydrome of Hell.

Eliot was the most popular model, then Auden. elloc, Bentley, Betjeman, Campbell, de la Mare, acNeice, Masefield, Patience Strong, all three Sit-ells and Spender were others imitated. One com-titor chose Ezra Pound, who, one is glad to say, is terly un-English. Towanbucket, Robert Upcott, illiam Bliss and G. J. Blundell each sent ntries well worth printing, but I am already over-nning my space in printing the following entries, mong the senders of which the prize money should e divided. (The inaccuracies in the third line of the uden are presumably a gentle dig at Auden's own rors.)

The Regrettable Story of Lord Tennyson, Who Composed Verse, and was Elevated to the Peerage.

(*After Hilaire Belloc.*)

One Day in Eighteen Ninety-Two,
My Father's titled Father, who
Had read no poetry in his life,
Astounded all his Sons, his Wife,
Two Footmen, and the Butler, Grimes,
By chortling, as he read his *Times*,
"That Upstart Tennyson is dead!"

There is no more that need be said
Of this Distinguished Poet, who
Expired in Eighteen Ninety-Two,
Save that to make a Man a Peer
On any other Grounds than Beer,
Or Jobbery, or T.N.T.,
Offends the Aristocracy.

EPILOGUE, AND HAPPY ENDING.

His present Lordship's Sporting Fame
Rescued the Family from Shame.

(RONALD MASON)

TENNYSON.

(à la *early Belloc.*)

We can forgive your "darling room";
The Windsor chair beside the Throne;
The tirra lirra faery loom,
And those stiff bores in Avalon;

The sugared drops of mawkishness
That seep like treacle through a sieve;
The precepts of the governess;
All this, and more, we can forgive,

Because you knew what salty tang
Ulysses tasted in the spray,
And, learning from the blackbird, sang
In lyric phrase unmatched to-day;

Because your poet hand unfurled
Great Milton's music-scroll, and flung,
Young angel-wise, about the world
The splendours of our English tongue.

(L. E. J.)

TENNYSON.

(*After W. H. Auden.*)

Doubt is his true allegiance; the Apostles
And Paley's Evidences prove the slicker,
Till one is drowned who was to be a vicar
And Grief and Grievance plait their crown of thistles.
He fought it down, determined to be certain.
Albert *was* Galahad, the dumpy queen
Good. Only let the pose, the robes, the scene
Distract them from his It behind the curtain.

But fifty years last Tuesday he appeared,
Ready to render up his childhood's burden,
Naked before the Conscience and his beard,
And on the Sofa sought his Pilot's pardon
For questions stifled, a perversion feared
And bloodys mumbled gruffly in the garden.

(FLIGHT LIEUTENANT)

TRIBUTE TO TENNYSON.

(*After John Betjeman.*)

Tennyson went to his long home in 1892
While news of the Mahdi's antics was slowly coming through;
Gothic gables were being built and churches being restored,
In Nonconformist chapels the Stainer anthems roared.

Tennyson went to his long rest in 1892
When dresses had Prussian binding and sometimes were Prussian blue,
When earnest girls loved the Idylls and for Elaine shed a tear—
O lovely, cosy readings to hiss of chandelier!

Tennyson had gone far away by 1893
The stones went on being broken by the cold and angry sea—
But the chill of winter ev'ning had fallen on Camelot;
From the Prussian State Manœuvres was heard machine-gun shot.

(J. TAYLOR)

IN MEMORIAM A. T.

(*After Walter de la Mare.*)

Fifty Octobers flown since thou didst die!
But still the rooks are blown about the sky,
Etched on the gray for wayward eyes to see
With what exact melodious artistry,
O thou, more skilled than we!

Heavily hang the hollyhock, and the lily
As that calm night when thou wast laid so stilly,
Till, when the casement grew a glimmering square,
Only a dark, old, ivory mask was there,
A poet's, emptied of care.

All vanity lost. But later poets? We
Who mimed thee first by the candled Christmas tree
—Cannons we shrilled, to left of us, cannons to right,
While clapped the parents round—how praise aright
Thy largesse of delight?

Must we not cry, who in our prime did ill
Mocking thy simpler suavity of skill
—We rich obscure, or proletarian plain:
O that 'twere possible after long grief and pain
To write like thee again!

(F. C. C.)

TRIBUTE TO TENNYSON.

(*With apologies to Stephen Spender.*)

In this perspective the critical eye may blur
At the five-word jewels; the negative knights;
The Grail, prize for the victor ludorum;
The unconsummated grief ripened; the hoarded tears
For the lost virgin Hallam Hyacinthus.

All the same there is the identity still
Bruising the mind a half century later;
The boy Alfred on the tumulus
Become the old man with back to the horizon: the lion
Caged by the privet hedge; the quadrangle; the mild sanctified seas.

Ah, but supposing he had crossed the lawn,
Tried the exquisite distance, the crisp waves,
Blown the proscribed bugle at the castle gate,
Broken the bright mirage, met the catastrophe—
I for one would have wished to hear that horn,
And the vibrating years after the sound was born.

(G. DE VAVASOUR)

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